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FOREGLEAMS OF
IMMORTALITY

ROSE PORTER



W. G. Johnston
25 July 1915.

Porter

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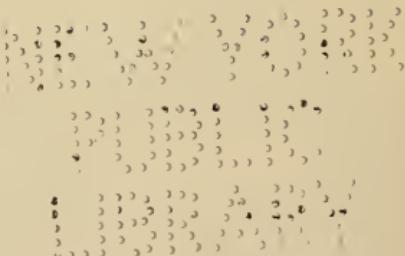
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IN MEMORIAM.

BY

ROSE PORTER,

Author of "In the Shadow of His Hand," etc.

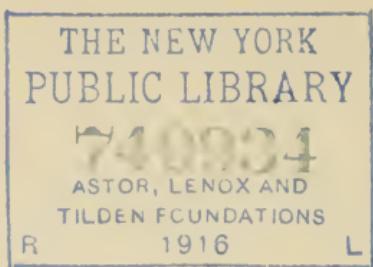


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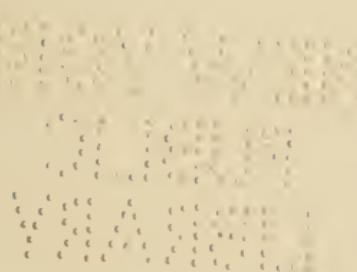
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PREFACE.

FOREGLEAMS I call this simple book.

But, in it you will find no effort to picture the 'Hereafter,' when that picture is merely an out-growth of imagination.

Neither will you find any attempt to solve speculative inquiry.

It is only a little volume of comfort, lovingly inscribed to the sorrowful by one who sorrows—yet, "sorrows not without Hope."

Its In Memoriam pages are only the narrative, in outline, of one whose dear life on earth helped to illuminate Heavenly Foregleams.

For, Christ was in her thoughts; hence memories of her are all *Up*-lifting.

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PART FIRST.

Remember :

“Christ has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.—

“He, Himself, by His doing and dying, has let down the patriarch’s typical ladder; by *it*, we are invited to enter within the Gates.”

I.

GOSPEL COMFORT.

"To them which sat in the shadow of death, light is sprung up."

COME, dear sorrowing ones—you who weep by new-made graves—and together, let us gather up and bind into a crown of comfort what we *know* from our Saviour's words of the Sureness of Life Hereafter.

'What we know?'—'*Yes, know,*' for Christ said:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; that where I am there ye may be also."

For,

"This is the will of Him that sent me, that every

one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting Life."

Remember,

"It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven—for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

But,

"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto Life."

And yet,

"They shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and *shall* sit down in the kingdom of God."

For,

"As touching the dead, that they rise.—Have ye not read in the book of Moses, how in the bush God spake unto him, saying, 'I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.'—He is not the God of *the dead*, but the God of *the living*."

"Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the Resurrection."

And,

“ All live unto Him.”

“ Rejoice because your names are written in Heaven.”

And,

“ I say unto you, my friends: Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.”

For,

“ Verily I say unto you, he that believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting Life.”

And,

“ I am the Good Shepherd. My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me—and I give unto them eternal Life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.”

Then,

“ Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting Life.”

“ And this is the Father’s will which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me, I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day.”

“ I will raise Him up.”

What a comfort-promise that, for you, and for me.—Truly we sorrow—God alone knows how deeply we sorrow,—but we have Hope.

And now—do you ask—‘Are there for us mourners yet more words of comfort spoken by Christ our Lord?’—

Yes,—many more, for it is written, and the record is still Christ’s voice,—

“ When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate the one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and He shall set the sheep on His right hand.—Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand: Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you—go—the righteous into Life eternal.”—

But—“to sit on My right hand and on My left, is not Mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father.”—

“ Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.”

"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His Voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the Resurrection of Life."—

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting Life."—

And, our dear ones did believe.

Remember, "in a higher sense, than any of the other miracles, our Lord's three raisings from the dead are revelations of Divine power, and are charged with meanings more profound and far-reaching—and when accepted in simple trustfulness, they are fraught with consolation and hope."

—Ponder them thus, and "in their light rejoice; for as the dead who were raised on earth were restored to the friends that were nearest and dearest, and surrounded when they awoke by all the tender and hallowed associations of home, so may we hope, when our eyes open in Heaven, we shall be at Home,—and in the midst of the faithful hearts, and the familiar faces that we loved and lost."

For, "God in these miracles has crowned our human affections with the highest glory, and made them the pledges of their own immortality."

And now, note the law of progression which rules in them.—A law which always rules in Scripture-teaching.—They rise one above another—each pointing to the “mightier miracle of Christ’s resurrection.”—And *that* points still onward and upward—for, “As in Adam all die, so in Christ *shall* all be *made alive!*”

“Thy daughter is dead—trouble not the Master.—But when Jesus heard it, He answered, saying: Fear not, believe only, and she shall be made whole.—And all wept and bewailed her—and they laughed Him to scorn, knowing she was dead.”

“But He said, Weep not.—And He took her by the hand, and called, saying—‘Maid, arise.’—And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway.”

“Now, when He—Jesus—came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out. . . . And He came and touched the Bier—and He said, ‘Young man, I say unto thee arise!’—And he that was dead sat up and began to speak.”

“Then said Jesus unto them, ‘Lazarus is dead.’—Jesus saith unto her, ‘Thy brother shall rise again.’ And He cried with a loud voice, ‘Lazarus,

come forth'—and—he that was dead came forth!"—

Now come precious words for us sorrowers—pledge words of immediate entrance for our dear ones.—No long journey for them: one moment they are with us here, the next—with Christ There. For “the gate of death, and the gate of Heaven are one.”

“And Jesus said unto him, Verily to-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.”

“And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham’s bosom.”

“O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day.”

Remember, “this is the might of faith; it mediates between death and life, transmuting death into life and immortality”—through Christ—it is all through Christ—He who taught His disciples, and said unto them:

“The Son of Man is delivered into the hands of

men, and they shall kill Him, and after that He is killed, He shall rise again."—

For,

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal Life."

Yes,—“God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting Life.”

“And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said: ‘Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,’ and having said thus, He gave up the ghost.”

“Jesus when He had cried with a loud voice yielded up the ghost.”

“And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose—and came out of the graves.”

“Now in the place where He was crucified, there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid.—There laid they Jesus.”—

And now the sequel!—Hope through the Risen Christ!

Hope of Resurrection for our beloved, and for ourselves.—

With reverence we come to it.—“And the angel said, ‘Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified.—He is not here, for—*He is Risen*.—Come, see the place where the Lord lay.’”

“And—Behold Jesus met them saying—‘All hail! Be not afraid.’”—

Ah! so tender is the comfort of that ‘*Be not afraid*’ for us who mourn.—

And think—the first revelation of the Risen Lord was to one who wept!—

And He—our Emmanuel of all Pity and Consolation—uttered no word of rebuke for those tears—only—He said, “Woman, why weepest thou?”—Only—He called her by name—“Mary.”—And—He calls us by name—as we weep.

Ah! the tenderness.—

You know the revelations that follow.—And each record that tells that Christ appeared after the Resurrection morning is a Foregleam, a star in a cloudless sky for you—and for me—with its glow of sure, on-reaching Hope.—

Let us linger in thought over one or two—they hold great consoling—for remember—after the first appearing which was to the ‘heart of love,’ woman’s heart—the Lord revealed Himself “to the mind of thought—to reasoning men.”—

And still another revelation, this time not only Faith converting, but Peace confirming.—

“Jesus stood in the midst, and saith unto them, ‘Peace be with you.’”—

And—does He not come to us *now* with the same blessed gift,—come when our hearts seem breaking—whispering “Peace,—My Peace, I give unto you?”—

A Peace so boundless and so free it even found a place for Thomas the doubter—and—oh, the love of it—the Lord’s Peace-word for Thomas, holds for us, if we have faith, a wonderful benediction—for it holds *sorrow’s crown*—a blessing.—

Christ said, “*Blessed* are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.”—

Do we believe? Is the blessing ours?

“Lord, I believe.—Help Thou mine unbelief.”

“Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;

All are worth while, so all are means
His glory to fulfil :
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If by our Credo we might own
The Godhead of our Lord !"—

Our Risen Lord !—

II.

GLEAMS OF IMMORTALITY.

“O, Bearer of the key
That shuts and opens with a sound so sweet,
Its turning in the wards is melody ;
All things we move among are incomplete
And vain until we fashion them in Thee !”

“EYE hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

“But—God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.”——

And,

“Those things which are revealed belong unto us, and to our children.”

We are strangers—but—you sorrow—I sorrow—and sorrow makes us friends.—And I wonder—Can you say what I am trying to say?——

“I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that *He is able* to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.”

Ah! let us ask Him to help us truly to commit our treasures to Him.—Our dear ones whom He has called from earth to Heaven.—

We *can not* do it without *His help*, of that I am sure.—But—I am sure, too, if we ask He will help us to say, “Thy will be done.”—And, when from our heart we can thus pray, then we may

“Gather from every loss and grief,
Hope of new spring, and endless Home.”

For, ‘ while we are not as yet come to the Rest and the inheritance which the Lord our God giveth ”—while we know,

“ This is not our Rest,”——we know, too, “ There remaineth a Rest for the people of God.”

Think of it.—Our beloved, yours—mine—have entered into *that Rest*, “within the veil whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus.”—Christ our Saviour—their Saviour.—He who said: “ In my Father’s house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you.”

Is part of that blessed preparation even now being made ready for us by our dear departed?—

We are told “they serve Him day and night.”

Sweet is the hope—comforting as a smile the

thought, that perhaps part of their glad service may be the making ready our Home welcome !

And yet, we in our loneliness weep because we miss them so.—Weep, even though we would not call them from Heaven to earth, for we know they are with Christ now—“ which is far better.”

‘ Better’—so much better than the very best our love could do for them—dear hearts.—

Yes.—“ Far better,” for “ God hath wiped away all tears from their eyes.—No more death, neither sorrow nor crying for them.—Neither shall there be any more pain.”—*They* are safe—with Christ,

“ There where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at Rest.”

Do you remember it is written,—and blessed are the words,—“ I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying—‘ Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.’ ”—

And this God, whom *they* our loved ones thus praise, “ is our God forever and ever.”—“ He will be

our guide even unto death, and afterward receive us to glory." And He was *their* guide.—He has received them to glory.—" Which hope we have, as an anchor of the soul."—And,

" Hope can hope for no more, since it hopes, Lord! for Thee."

" The gift of God is eternal Life—through Jesus Christ our Lord."—

Eternal Life! wonderful gift.—And *they* our departed know now what that gift means.

For, our Saviour "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

" But words may not tell of the vision of peace,—
When the soul is at large, when its sorrows all cease,
And the *gift* has outbidden its boldest desires."—

" Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."—

Sorrowing one, be comforted.—" The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—

Have patience—only wait.—

"Oh thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,—
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

Remember, dying *here* means living *There*.

"He will swallow up death in Victory."

He has done it for our garnered ones, for

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation." Even our cherished ones—they who—spite our tender love—knew when on earth sore trials, heavy sorrows.

But now!

"They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"In the blood of the Lamb."—That was *their* entrance place—through Christ—that *their* victory.

And,

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple—and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."

Oh, the Love of it all!

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any

heat.—For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto Living Fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”—

And yet—even though we have this blessed assurance that for *them* there are no more tears—no more sorrow,—we weep, I repeat—weep when He calls them to Himself!—

Well! “Jesus wept”—He understands our tears—He recognized *sorrow as sorrow*. —

He prepared—by the promise of a ‘Comforter’—His disciples for the grief and loneliness with which His departure from their mortal sight would fill their hearts—He knew they would need comfort.

He knows you need comfort.—And, “He will not leave you comfortless.”

“Am I comfortless? Oh, no!
Jesus this pathway trod:
And deeper in my soul than grief
Art Thou, my dearest God!”

Here is a beautiful promise for us, when our dear ones “die in the Lord.”

“*They shall be mine*, saith the Lord of Hosts, in

that day when I make up my jewels."—"Dying in the Lord."—"It is the child of God falling asleep in the same arms of redeeming love in which he was always embraced, and where he was always safe."—

It is only going *Higher Up*; of this we are sure.—For,

"We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—And—"so shall we ever be with the Lord."

"A crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of the Lord."

Always we are in the hand of the Lord.—Our saints in the Light—we in the shadow.—Yet—it is *His Hand*—and "underneath are the everlasting arms."

Think of this and be comforted—and as you think,

"Death will have rainbows round it."

For hope will whisper: "Christ hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us, that when His glory shall be revealed, we may be glad also with exceeding joy."—

Yes—weeping may endure for a night—this night

of earthly life—these hours darkened by bereavement—but,

“Joy cometh in the morning,” and—it is *all morning* There where *they* are——“No night.”——

In the *morning* the stone will be rolled away from the sepulchre where the angels watch and wait.—Angels asking,

“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”——

Ah! Why do we?——

Do you believe?—It is written: “After that ye believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise which is the earnest of our inheritance.”

“An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven.”

Remember it is a sure inheritance for us, and for ours whom God has called Home—its open gate—“Only believe.”——

Sure?—Yes—perfectly sure. For Christ said,

“Because I live, ye shall live also.” *Shall live*, that is *our* promise for now.—And *their* promise—oh, ponder it,—“I give unto them eternal Life.”

Truly—“God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth

on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Pray to-day, and every day, the mourner's prayer of Hope, with its out-reach of re-union with those gone Home.—

"Lord, deliver me from every evil work, and preserve me unto Thy Heavenly Kingdom."—

And remember as thus you pray, you "have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous."

"He is our peace," for "By His own blood He entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us."

"And for this cause He is the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of death for the redemption of the transgressors that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance."

An Heavenly inheritance! blessed promise.

"O ! I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me "

There,

"Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,

All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight."

Do you tell me—even in the presence of all these precious Foregleam words of consolation and hope, your poor heart still seems breaking with grief, longing, and loneliness for your departed?—

Yes—I know—and—words are empty.—

All you can do for comfort is to hold close in your innermost heart of thought the promise, "*They are ever in the Light.*"

For,

Christ said, "I am the Light, —and *they* are with Him—safe with Christ—satisfied—that is your comfort.—

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."—

Satisfied! Ponder that. It will prove a Green-Pasture word to you if you think of the one for whom you mourn as *satisfied in that Light.*—

A word that will lead you by "still waters," lead even to the Fountain of Living Waters.—

But—do you say again, spite all this, fears still prevail,—fears for yourself—fears for your darling gone?—

Sometimes you are met by the silence and the mystery.—Sometimes grief hedges you in.—

Again,—I know—for did I not tell you I knew sorrow?—

I have met such hours.—But—in the silence—out of the mystery I have heard the “Still Small Voice.”

Listen!—and you will hear it too.—It may be only a whisper—but it is a whisper of Divine Love, and Heavenly Consolation.

And—the Voice which says to you—“It is I, be not afraid,”—is the same Voice that called your beloved, saying :

“Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

“Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.”—

Think—you, and yours are called :

“Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.”—

But remember there is an *if* in this wonderful heirship—its title reads,

“*If* so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.”

Suffer!—Never forget when He sends suffering

He comes in comforting.—The cross we call *our* cross is *His* cross too.

Thus sorrow gives us a claim to come very near to Christ.—So near—His hand which you hold, holds your dear one's hand.—His face into which by faith you look beholds the face of your beloved.—

His ear which hears your prayers, hears *their* praises.—

Are your fears hushed now?—

“Be thou faithful unto death, for he that overcometh shall inherit all things.”—

All things, “life, death, things present, and things to come, are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's!”—

Let us think for a moment of that word *overcometh*.—Surely its frequent repetition is of significance.—

“To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne.”—

How did Christ overcome? “And He fell on His face, and prayed, saying, ‘O My Father, if it

be possible, let this cup pass from Me—*nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.*”

Does that “*as Thou wilt,*” hold our Saviour’s Victory Hour?—

Does the hour when we can say, “*Thy will be done,*” hold for us the essence of the blessed *overcometh*, that is now the heritage of our sainted ones?—they who have gone to receive the Lord’s “I will” promises.—

“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna.”—

Heavenly food for them.—Yet—we sorrow when He calls them. But,

“ We grieve not for their going,
Their home and ours to find ;
For *us* our tears are flowing,
For *us* who stay behind.”

“ He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will confess his name before My Father, and before His angels.—And I will write upon him My new name.”

“ He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son.”—

“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of Life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.”—

“This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God.”

“Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of My God, and the city of My God.”—

“That great city—the holy Jerusalem.”—

“And the street of the city was pure gold.”—

“And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it—and the Lamb is the light thereof—and the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it.—And there shall be no night there.”—

“And there shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth—but they which are written in the Lamb’s book of Life.”—

“And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.—In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there

the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month : and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.”—

“ And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it : and His servants shall serve Him.”—

“ And they shall see His face—and His Name shall be in their foreheads.”—

“ And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun : for the Lord God giveth them light : and they shall reign for ever and ever.”

“ Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of the Elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect !
Even now by faith I see thee,
Even now thy walls discern :
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.—
• • • • .
Thou city of the angels !
Thou city of the Lord !”—

Now comes a blessing for us to ponder, “ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; they sing the song of Moses the servant of God—and the song of the Lamb, saying :

“Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty ; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints.”—

“The Lord redeemeth the soul of His saints.”

His saints ! your dear one—my dear one. Yes—*they* are saints of God now.—

Ah ! think of the saints.—

“Saints of the early dawn of Christ,
Saints of imperial Rome,
Saints of the cloistered middle age,
Saints of the modern home ;
Saints of the soft and sunny east,
Saints of the frozen seas,
Saints of the isles that wave their palms
In the far Antipodes ;
Saints of the marts and busy streets,
Saints of the squalid lanes,
Saints of the silent solitudes,
Of the prairies and the plains ;
Saints who are wafted to the skies
In the torment-robe of flame,
Saints who have graven on men’s thoughts
A monumental name ;
Come, from the endless peace that spreads
O’er the glassy sea.
Come, from the choir with harps of gold,
Harping their melody ;
Come, from the home of holiest hope,
Under the altar-throne.
Come, from the depths where the angels see
One awful Face alone,

Come, from the heights where the mount of God
 Burns like a burnished gem,
Come, from the star-paved terraces
 Of the New Jerusalem :
Come, for we fain would hear the notes
 Of your sweet celestial hymn,
And we fain would know what look is theirs
 Who look on the seraphim :
Come, for our faith is waxing faint
 And the lamp of love burns low,
Come, to these lower heavens and shine,
 That we may see and know :
Come for the flash of a moment's space,
 With your snowy wings outspread,
O God-lit cloud of witnesses,
 Souls of the sainted dead."

"And now may the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation of Him, that ye may know the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints."

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy," *that* is where we think of our precious sainted ones.—In Christ's presence !

"And at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

Ah! the comfort that we may thus think of them—so safe—so glad, for,

“*Their* Redeemer is strong. The Lord of hosts is His name.”

He gave Himself for their sins, and our sins, that “He might deliver us from the present evil world—and that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death.”

“Oh! death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin, but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Through Christ—and—“neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

It is strange, when consolations shine from every page of the Book, that our hearts are sometimes all in a moment buried beneath the grief of our sorrow, as reeds are tossed before the north wind.—We cry—out of the heart of agony—for one word—one smile—one touch of love.

Truly in such hours “nothing but infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life”—and its partings.—

And so we make our moan—and silence gives no answer—and yet,

“A bruised reed will He not break.”

Remember His promise, “I am the Resurrection and the Life,” is echoed by,

“Because I live, ye shall live also.”

Be patient—in the Better Land, we will “remember and understand.”

Our sorrow is the storm; His promise is the bow that over-arches tears, shining on them till they form the circlet which enfolds the “*ye shall live*,” that includes not only those gone into Life, but we, who wait for the touch of the ‘Quicken’g Spirit,’ when,

“Christ shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body”—for,

“He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.”

“O Lord! how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up in Heaven for those that fear Thee.”—

Goodness beyond our understanding; for

“Behold I show you a great mystery, the dead shall be raised incorruptible”;—for

“I know that our Redeemer liveth.”

Redeemer—that is our pledge word—Redeemer “in whom we have redemption,” and so

“As we have borne the image of the earthly we shall also bear the image of the Heavenly.”

Oh, let us strive out of our very grief to rise to a clearer realization of the union of the “seen and the unseen.”

Let us strive to realize the reunions of the Heavenly Horizon.—

For help in this we must think often of Christ—and in the light of His Resurrection learn how we also can live through death—and as we thus think, reunion with those whom He has called to the Heavenly Pasture, on the Hills of God, will blossom out from our very night of weeping.—

Yes,—the truth that “Christ rose from the grave changed, and yet the same,” is the pledge of, and type of rising for us, and our dearest.—

For,

“If we have been planted together in the likeness of His death we shall be also in the likeness of His Resurrection.”—

“Jesus is the author and finisher of our faith.”

There is great comfort in this—God grant we may not fail to find it.—

Verily in the Light of it we can say,

“ How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
Like the bright slanting west,
Thou leadest down into the glow
Where all these heaven-bound sunsets go,
Ever from toil to rest.”

Yes, our sorrow is only a little cloud that enfolds us for a brief time—beyond the sunset all is bright.—

It will not be long—though the way seems far—before we—as our dear ones have done—will cross the horizon line—and be in Sun-rise.—

PART SECOND.

Remember,

“ If we would become heavenly-minded, we must let the imagination realize the blessedness to which we are moving on.—

“ Were the procuring of that *Blessedness* dependent on ourselves, then we might despond and despair.—

“ But Christ is the ‘*Receiver Up*,’ alike ‘the Way, the Truth, the Life.’—

“ It is because His face was set to the Earthly Jerusalem, that the Heavenly has unbarred its Gates for us.”—

I.

PRELUDE.

“MAKE search for ‘that inmost centre where truth abides in fulness’: and then learn that to *Know*:

“ Rather consists in opening out a way,
Whence the imprisoned splendor may dart forth,
Then in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.”

One year—only one brief year, and yet during it God has led me far, very far within the “valley of the shadow of death.” Surely there is a deep significance in such a guidance: surely there must be a heart of meaning in it, for never yet was there a shadow without light—never a valley without an upland.

And in the valley of death, the Rod and the Staff, like light and shadow, go hand in hand.

Thus you will always find, if you remember, it is Christ’s Rod—Christ’s Staff.

From this memory have you already a gleam of Light on the clouds of sorrow that encompass you?—

Come then, and, led by His Rod and Staff—supported by them too—listen while I tell you of the Foregleams of the Beyond that God has sent into my valley of Shadows.—Till verily—though often it has been with trembling faith, and tear-blinded eyes—He has helped me not only to *say*,—but to *feel*,—

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.”

Why feel no fear?—Because of the after-part of the verse,

“*For Thou art with me.*”

His presence—that is our Staff, if we “only believe.”

Yes, dear F—, heart-stricken by grief, sorrow-burdened though you may be, there is comfort even for you.—

Do you ask,—How can I speak of comfort?—

From my own heart I can not, but, thank God, there is One greater than our poor hearts.—

There is, I repeat, the *felt* Presence—the Comforter—and hence the sureness of a life beyond.—

Life eternal, Love unchanging, and Re-union.—
Ah! in that sureness is consolation.

Cling to Christ's promise, "I am with you."

For if in humble submission to God's will you bow beneath His Rod, straightway you will be uplifted by His Staff.

And it is in that uplifting that you will find precious Foregleams of the Hereafter.

For it is in such hours that "the angels come to minister."

But remember the conditions:—humble submission—God's will, not yours;—and then—think of the Hereafter!—

Ah! think of the 'afterward.'—No Foregleams then—no shadowy suggestions—but—Love, Light, Knowledge.

"*Satisfied*"—that is the Bible word. What a Foregleam word!

And our beloved ones, they are *There*—'Satisfied,' as we will be, when, like them, we "awake in His likeness."

God grant us even now, a joyful, peaceful, firm hope of that *Blessed Hereafter*.

II.

“THEY will not return to us, but we shall go to them.”

‘Shall go.’—“Death like the angel in Peter’s dungeon breaks the fetters of mortality, throws open the prison doors, and leads the spirit out to gladsome day.

“Oh that we could ever view it as the exodus of life—the out-marching of the soul to the land of rest, and liberty and peace.”

Shall go!—Remember, dear F——, all we wait for is the loosening of this anchor of a pulsing mortal heart, a breathing mortal life.

Such a frail anchor to hold us here, and yet so strong.

For the time of our departure from this world, like the time of our coming to it, are both held in the Hand of Him with whom are “the issues of life.”

Out of your grief—do you cry?—I have thus cried,—

“O Lord! loose the cable, let me go.”

Do not upbraid yourself if thus you moan—*only*—be willing to accept the answer the Lord sends, even if it be,

“ Yet a little longer hope and tarry on—
Yet a little longer, weak and weary one !
More to perfect patience to grow in faith and love,
More my strength and wisdom and faithfulness to prove ;
Then the sailing orders the Captain will bestow :
Loose the cable, let thee go ! ”

And as you accept this answer, recollect God does not ask you to call sorrow by any other name.

Be true in your grief—if tears fall they are not signs of rebellion—“ Jesus wept.”

And *His tears* are a pledge that we may weep.

Thinking of Christ’s tears, sometimes I wonder if those who bid us mourners cease to weep, do not mistake the why sorrow is sent :—do not well-nigh lose the lesson it holds.

I would not be selfish in grief.—But—do tears imply selfishness ?

I think not—for tears are sanctified—Christ wept.—Wept at a grave as you and I weep.

“ Weeping is no weakness ; it is only the overflow of strong love.”

And amid your tears, if your soul is bowed with anguish, and you ask for light, and the light tarries—all is darkness—do not be afraid, God has not forsaken you—Jesus felt just what you now feel.—He knew the hiding of the Father's face.—And—“the servant is not above His Master.”

All you have to do is to *trust* when you can not see.

Remember, God—Our Father—has different ways of training His children for the Blessed Beyond.

If His way for you be a wilderness path, when you so wanted a flower-strewn way—it is the way He chooses.

Ask Him then to open wide your soul, that His education may find entrance.

And if the lesson be hard—why complain if its end be rest in the “Many Mansioned” Home?

And it will be, if faithfully learned—for of the inhabitants of that Home it is written :

“Who are these in bright array?

“These are they who have known great tribulation.”

“‘Knowest thou to whom the whitest robes are given—
Who stand the nearest to His throne in Heaven?’

These are they, from every land and nation,
Who entered there thro' greatest tribulation.
No longer murmur at thine earthly losses,
Let smiles of joy break through thy tears of weeping;
The Father hath thee in His gracious keeping.'
Soon Jesus' welcome summons thou shalt hear;
'*Rise*, let us go hence!' then stay'd the falling tear,
Low at His feet thy cross thou shalt lay down,
And from His hand receive the eternal crown."

Shall we with such an outlook faint because of sorrow?

It was Richter, I think, who said, "Sorrow draws toward noble minds as thunder-storms draw toward mountains—but the storms also break upon them: and *they* become the clearing-points in the skies for the plain beneath.

"The burthen of suffering seems a tombstone hung around us: while in reality it is only the weight necessary to keep down the diver while he is collecting pearls.

"It is only through suffering that we can be made perfect: and in hard struggles we acquire spiritual riches—and remember, the sufferings of the beautiful soul—the submissive soul—are May frosts which precede the brightness of summer and the riches of harvest."

Remember, too, in the dark trial hours our trio of comfort—God *Loves*, He *Knows*, He *Pities*!

Loves—let that Love be to you a ‘Rock of Salvation.’—

A shelter for you—even “in the nest in the Rock”—“the cleft of the Strong Rock.”

Knows—in that knowledge is your safety.—“Trust in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is the ‘Rock of Ages.’”

“I stand upon a Rock,” says Chrysostom; “let the sea rage, the Rock can not be disturbed.”—

“The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The Rock beneath.”

Pities.—Ah! what a Rock-cleft that, in which to hide.

Pity—tenderness—“the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.”

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.”—And—“Who is a Rock save our God?”

As an ‘Amen’ to these Rock thoughts, dear F—, I copy the old Greek hymn, that dates far

back among the ages—even to the time of St. John Damascene.

Do you remember it?

“On the Rock of Thy commandments
 Fix me firmly, lest I slide :
With the glory of Thy Presence
 Cover me on every side :
Seeing none save Thee is holy,
 God, forever glorified !

“New immortal out of mortal,
 New existence out of old :
This the *Cross* of Christ accomplished,
 This the Prophets had foretold :
So that we thus newly quickened
 Might attain the heavenly fold.

“Thou Who comprehendest all things,
 Comprehended by the tomb,
Gav’st Thy body to the grave-clothes,
 And the silence and the gloom :
Till through fast-closed doors Thou camest
 Thy Disciples to illume.

“Every nail-print, every buffet,
 Thou didst freely undergo,
As Thy Resurrection’s witness
 To the Twelve Thou cam’st to show :
So that what *they* saw in vision,
 Future years by faith might know.”

III.

IN my last I rambled far away from my beginning, dear F——.

One thought so opened out another, just as a hope is always the herald of another hope.

For, thank God, there is never an end to hope.—
“Now abideth ‘Faith, Hope, Love.’”

I am so glad of that abiding, with its promise of endless progress:—

“From height to height!”—

Think of the Uplands of Heaven! •

But straightway I am wandering again; forgive me—and remember it is *not* a treatise I am writing—but only simple letters—like whispers from my heart to your heart.—

In this I promised to tell you of my “Valley of the Shadow of Death,”—and of the Heavenly Fore-gleams—like sunbeams in a dense woodland,—the God of Love let fall among the shadows.

Have you ever entered a patch of woodland—some forest of century-old trees—and wondered

how sun-rays could find entrance through the thick screen of tree-bough and leafage?

I have,—and as I wondered they have shone—those bright sunbeams—aslant my very path—just as beams from the Sun of Righteousness fall in tender illumining on hearts that are gloom-encompassed.—

For—heavenly Love is like sunshine, it can enter where *we* see no place of entrance.

But—do you tell me I approach too slowly the recounter of my experience in the Shadow Land?—

Yes,—I know,—and yet—why shrink from lifting the veil of silence that enfolds my grief when it enfolds my comfort too?

For surely the mission of both our sorrow and our consolation is, that as we are helped, so we may help others.

“Blessed be the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, *that we may be able* to comfort those which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.”

“Comforted of God!” you—and I.—Ponder that wonderful comfort, and remember, writes Robertson:

"There is not a single throb in a single human bosom, that does not thrill with more than electric speed up to the heart of God.

"*You* have not shed a tear, nor drawn a sigh, that did not come back to you exalted and purified by having passed through the eternal bosom."—

Truly in the Light of such comfort we know, even while we weep, why it is written, "Blessed are they that mourn, *for*," —that *for*, holds the answer to our *why*—"for they shall be comforted."

And in the radiance of that "comforted of God," linked as it is to a blessing, it ought not to seem hard to put aside reserve, and tell of my Foregleams.

Tell with the hope that they perchance may kindle Foregleams for you.

The fullest, most blessed experience—radiant as it was with "Light from within the veil," is the one for which you ask.—

And yet,—How can I pass it on to you?—

It was all so beautiful,—so all beyond words.—
On every shadow the smile of the Blessing of God,
—that Peace which passeth understanding.

Yes,—Peace, Victory—even Joy illumined that hushed room, till it was bright with comfort, not earth, but heaven-born.

And so—peace enfolded—love encompassed—victory triumphant — through Christ, it was all through Christ, we watched the mortal life glide into the immortal.—

Still, those days, even though thus faith-lighted, were “valley of the shadow of death” days.

But to make their meaning clear, I must send you a chaplet of somewhat detailed letters which I call ‘*In Memoriam*.’ And this ‘*In Memoriam*’ will be, in outline, the narrative of the dear life, that was an interpreter of heavenly things from childhood’s dawn—on to old age.

For “there is no true life,”—and my dear one’s was a “true life,”—“that does not reveal a purer, richer, and more blessed life visioned in its depths: seen like lovely grottos in the deep, radiant with light beneath a heaving and broken surface.”

“Now that image is the true being, the real impress and out-going of spirit: and when mortality takes away the troubled setting of circumstances, that is the spiritual portrait which alone remains in our hearts.”

“And thus in the highest sphere of divine intimation is the Unseen prefigured in the Seen: and those upon whom this spiritual stamp is strongest

when they are with us, it is easy for us to conceive of as dwelling everlasting in the peace of aspiration.”—

Aspiration—the very truth of my darling’s life—and it is because so strongly she revealed this spiritual stamp, that now, when she is parted from us—caught up into Heaven—heavenly Foregleams illumine the way—and where she went, like

“ Echoes that roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.”

IV.

YOUR list of queries has come, dear F——. And before I begin the outline history of my darling's life, I will make a brief tarrying and hint a reply to your question,—

“Can you send me a Heavenly Foregleam to meet such queries?

“‘ Enumerated they read :

“‘ Do our dear ones in heaven think of us?’

“‘ Do they love us still?’

“‘ How can they be happy if they know our sorrow and loneliness without them?’

“‘ Will not those *now* in Heaven so far advance in knowledge and holiness, that when we join them they will have lost the power of sympathizing with us?’ ”

And you add,

“When I go, how shall I recognize those who have gone long ago?”

These are all such natural questions, dear F——.

At the very first touch of sorrow they are wont

to come like eager supplicants, knocking at the door of our heart for answers.—For this longing to know our dear ones are happy—is a demand of our nature; and so is the great yearning to know that they continue to love us, for love asks return.—And in reply to your question, ‘Do they think of, and love us still?’—remember—“if God Himself can love us, who that is of God will cease to love those whom Father and Son love?”—

We would, too, fain believe Christian Rossetti’s words,—

“Death may bring our friend exceeding near,
· · · · ·
He only can not utter yea or nay
In any voice accustomed to our ear :
He only can not make his face appear,
And turn the sun back on our shadowed day.
The dead may be around us, dear and dead :
The unforgotten dearest dead may be
Watching us, with unslumbering eyes and heart,
Brimful of words which can not yet be said,
Brimful of knowledge they may not impart,
Brimful of love for you, and love for me.”

But we have a dearer surety of the continuing love and remembrance of those gone from us in our Saviour’s own parable.—

Recall Luke xvi. 19, 31—and surely if in tor-

ment they remember,—can we question the love and remembrance of those in joy—those with Christ?—

Note—in this one Gospel chapter there are two testimonies that those in heaven know of those on earth.—Abraham knew that the men in the world had “Moses and the Prophets.”

In this connection ponder also, for I think you will find comfort in its out-growth, rather up-growth, of thought : “Moses and Elias who ministered to the Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration, as well as the two prophets who had become angels, and who ministered unto John the Revelator, they had not ceased to feel a loving interest in the earth upon which they had lived.”—

And now—just a word of your fear, that our sainted ones will “so far outstep us in heavenly progress as to pass beyond the power of sympathy.”—

In reply—I bid you think—“Do you not know that your deepest dependence on those you love best, as indeed your dependence too, upon God, rests not at all upon equality of knowledge, of wisdom or of power!”—

But I will not glean proof answers to your que-

ries.—I will only linger to copy for you words I read yesterday :

“ It is not so much on the love that is felt for us, as on the love we are capable of feeling, that our spiritual rank or blessedness depends. What we may be to blessed spirits is a question that Christian simplicity will not be forward to ask : enough—if we can revere and reflect their goodness—if we can but brighten in their light, and have so kept our own higher life that spirits of Love and spirits of Knowledge, will be able to quicken, purify, and exult us to themselves.”

“ That they will be very gracious to us there is no fear, for of all such Jesus is the type, and His prayer is, ‘ Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am.’ ”

“ And now ours still, for some brief time, is the war with evil. The sting of death is sin. Only a victory of that evil power can separate us from those whose conflict is finished, whose peace is sealed.”

“ Hear the prayer of Christ that no temptation might detach the disciples from His spirit when He was no more with them ; and in it hear the prayer of all God’s emancipated for those they leave behind :

“ ‘ And now I am no more in the world, but these

are in the world, and I come to Thee. Holy Father! keep through Thine own Name those whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one, as we are!'"

But to return to the special Foregleam God has granted me, and which we will approach reverently—not striving to lift the veil of mystery where it is left unlifted by Christ.

Rather—let us, as we come to the sepulchre place, "bow our faces to the ground,"—and thus—God grant we may find the "stone rolled away," that we may be able to look beyond the boundaries of *here*—may by high communings be lifted up near—even to that divine sphere where is the reality of which earth is only the shadow.

V.

IF you asked me to tell you the meaning of summer and winter, spring and autumn, I know you would as gladly listen to autumn's story—so full of beauty and perfection—with its garnered harvests and ripened fruits, as if I gave the record of the spring—its buds and blossoms.—And so I know you will tenderly hearken while I tell you of the dear life, autumn's perfection typifies to me.

That precious earthly life that in the autumn God called Home to Heaven.

For it was nature's month of golden glory when my beloved one departed.

Departed in Peace—as you know—and yet I repeat, it was the valley of the shadow of death through which God led.

But a valley leading Up all the way, till He took her.—And her own dear voice told this.—She was faint—she was very feeble—the flame of vital strength burned low—the candle had well-nigh gone out—the socket was well-nigh empty.

“ You are far down the valley now.”

Thus said one very dear to her as he noted the faint breathing—the feeble pulse-beat.—

It was then—with uplifted hand, that she made reply—in a voice clear as the upward soaring note of a carolling lark—but low as the ripple of a wave on sandy shore,—

“No, Up the valley.”

Yes—the way was all Up to her. No downward path—all Up till she passed from earth, up to Heaven.—

And now we will turn the backward pages of this dear life’s story.—

Even far back as the time of childhood and youth.—For hers was a rarely full life, with many a diversely moulding influence—and only as we trace its growth can we catch the sacred why of the Foregleams she left as a precious legacy to those who loved her best.—A legacy I now share with you.—

A full life, I said.—As one who knew her well—wrote not long after God called her to Heaven: “Infinitely large and far-reaching were her love and sympathy.—And the reasons were not far to find; not only was her nature a bountiful one, but her experience in this life had been a varied one.

She had known the world, though she was ‘not of it’: she had known prosperity, and also reverse: she had experienced romance and reality; youth and age: sickness and health,—all that could come to humanity had come to her.”

And yet through it all she kept a heart that even to old age—even within the ‘valley of the shadow of death’—was sweet and fresh as a flower—fresh with that true child-likeness of which Christ taught when “He called a little child, and set him in the midst”—and said :

“Verily, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.”

The kingdom, my darling has entered now.

The kingdom that entered her soul—“the kingdom of Heaven is within you”—even while she was a sojourner here on earth.—Hence the Fore-gleams she left.

For,

“God’s saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must passe
O’er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse:
But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Their beams and light.”



IN MEMORIAM.

“Death is but life passed on : the sure progression
Bears in its sweep, life to a higher sphere.”

I.

IN MEMORIAM.

“Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.”

“HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy.”

She was an officer's daughter. An English-born child.

Years began to count for her—according to our earthly reckoning of years—from August, 1809, till they numbered four more than life's allotted three-score and ten.

Even from babyhood her dear heart was like a song of love. Always she was tender and pitiful of sorrow: always thoughtful of the needs of the needy.

Truly God was very bountiful in natural gifts to this precious one. And later on, when grace hallowed His gifts, do you wonder that she revealed Foregleams—even Heavenly Foregleams?—

Of her childhood there are still sweet memories that shine out like stars amid the darkness of the forgotten—or rather silent years.

A verbal picture I recall that portrays this rosy-cheeked English child, whose eyes were blue—blue as the sky—standing on tip-toe, to let fall from her dimpled hand the treasure of shining half-crown, or silver sixpenny-bit, into the little box with its mute appeal—“Remember the poor prisoner.” She passed the place almost daily in her morning walk with prim, somewhat stern nurse Wright—who more than once frowned on the child’s desire to give to the needy.

A questionable need too, nurse was wont to think, for those were the days of imprisonment for debt.—And had honest folk a right to run in debt?

Wiser heads than nurse Wright’s have pondered the same question.

But the child gave with no questioning—it was part of her birth-right to recognize:—

“It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

Those were days, too, when England was all astir with “war, and the rumor of war.”

And that stern nurse, for lullaby, many a night

bade the sensitive child close her eyes and straight-way sleep, for if ‘Old Bony’ came he would carry away all the wide-awake children.

And ‘Old Bony’ was none other than the great Bonaparte, whose exploits were filling the minds of the nation.

But even then—so manifest, all through this dear one’s life, was the blessed truth, God never forgets His own—there was another lullaby besides nurse Wright’s, that had already begun to kindle a Fore-gleam of the trust in God, which illumined her after-life, on, to Heaven’s Entrance-gate.—

There was a dear old grandmother. A stately English dame, with high-crowned cap and costume of a long by-gone age, as she looks from the portrait that hangs on my wall. And this dear grandmother taught, “Good children are never afraid in the dark.”—

And the child’s tender soul accepted this simple truth as a strong refuge from the suggested fear.

Only suggested—for by nature she was too pure, sweet, and courageous to really harbor fear.—

Then came days, when her young heart was stirred by love and admiration of her earthly father.

An emotion that, like all our highest, best emotions, always has an upward-reaching side.

Thus from love for the earthly parent, she caught, while still a child, beautiful gleams of the Love of the Heavenly Father.

And what the human lacked, the Heavenly filled, and Fatherhood meant for her,

“O soul, O soul, rejoice !
Thou art God’s child indeed.”

And she did rejoice.—Joy was a reflectior of her true self all through life.

She was always happy—always cheerful! So marked was this, that the man of God who stood by her dear form, after the silence had fallen, numbered in among other attributes, like a rose among lilies and violets—“happy.”—

To return for a moment to her interpretation of a Father.

I repeat, if the earthly did not reach her high ideal, it was ever her way to up-lift all the earth-bound relations of life.

This was a part of her marked individuality even in youth, and as years increased it grew, till some

might have mistaken the kindly manner, the pleasant word, and cordial greeting for all with whom she came in contact, whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, socially courted or socially scorned, and have called her a leveler, ready to banish all class distinctions.

But none ever trespassed to approach with undue familiarity the reserve of her self-hood: none ever took advantage of this universal kindliness, the recognition of the brotherhood of humanity.—

A Foregleam of the “one in Christ,” that rules
Up There where she is now.—

And I think none who came within her influence would hesitate in saying:—‘If she was a leveler it was always a leveler Up! ’

Upward—her whole life exemplified it—Upward ever—though sometimes it was ‘up-hill!’

“Say to me”—thus she once asked when the day had been full of bodily pain, the night of wakefulness—“Say to me the lines, up-hill.”—And softly a voice responded:

“ Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day’s journey take the whole long day ?

From morn till night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?

A roof for me when the slow, dark hours begin ?
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
 You can not miss that inn.
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
 Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
 They will not keep you standing at the door.
Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
 Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
 Yea, beds for all who come."

Ah ! the smile with which she repeated these last words—" Yea, beds for all who come."— " There remaineth a Rest for the people of God "— that was what her smile said.— And—the smile opened a wide in-look into the Heavenly Rest.—

I said her influence was all Upward tending, and truly recalling it, I feel as though it were a life well typified by Jacob's angel-ladder, for as her influence tended Up, blessings from it came down.

Yes, she lived to bless—as one who has known deep sorrow writes: " She came to me in my anguish.— And she said not a word—but with one hand she pointed Up—while with the other she took my lonely hands—' widowed forever of one dear touch,' and held them safe and warm in her dear, tender hand-clasp." —

But I have wandered far from the story of her child-life.

We left her just learning the meaning of Fatherhood : left her when her heart was all aglow as she watched the triumphal processions, and overtures of joy that celebrated for England's heroes, victory sealed on the field of Waterloo.

Processions in which her father's commanding figure, mounted on his jet-black charger 'Old Adam'—a veritable war-horse—made to the child the glory of the day.

Brightest of all those memory-pictures that were vivid to old age—stood out clearest when she described them—the memorable 18th of July—the 'Peace Jubilee.'—In that part of England—which then meant the world to her—her father was marshal of the day.

And in honor of the occasion he wore his treasured gold-wrought and mounted sword and belt. The sword, a rare specimen of "Damaskeening," covered with meandering lines like water-marks—and presenting all over a varying sheen, blue, red, and golden.—A distinctly noble sword-blade, for the lines were so contorted and broken, they formed a network of little threads, and reflected the deep,

dark bronze and true golden gloss which proved the work a master-piece, worthy to have been made at Damascus.—

He wore, too, pistols which were as worthy as the sword of notice.—These were the gift of the Duke of York, in token of honorable service.

As for ‘Old Adam,’ he was graced by a saddle-cloth trimmed with gold thread on rich-hued purple velvet.—

No wonder the child’s heart thrilled with exultant glory in her father.—

A glory mingled with romance, for it was all like a page from some wondrous fairy tale, to a mind like hers that was full of imagery as a meadow in June is full of daisies.

But the saddle-cloth, and its story, was like a page of history.—For it had been given her father as a trophy, taken from a led horse belonging to one of Bonaparte’s marshals.—

Verily, what a story it held in suggestion !

The marshalling that day was before “ His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other distinguished characters by whose efforts (this is all as the old proclamation reads), under the assistance of Provi

dence, Peace had been most happily restored to afflicted England."—

It was then, and there, though all unconsciously at the time—that the child—scarce more than five years of age—received her first impression of what spiritual warfare meant.

The warfare of which Paul wrote,—“Put on the whole armor of God, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.”

The Word—that was her life-guide.

Other influences also combined to make real for her in childhood, and on to old age, all the Bible metaphors that picture the Christian as a soldier of the cross, one who is waging a soul’s warfare.—Shielded by that spiritual armor, of which the material is an emblem.

Chief among these influences was the fact that during those years a favorite uncle was warden of the Tower.

And the child was wont to accompany her mother on semi-annual trips to London, which always included a visit to this uncle, and hence to the Tower.

These visits left a life-lasting impression on her mind and heart.—And no wonder.—For how could they help being full to her, of lessons for here and Hereafter?

Dull indeed must he be, who can view that old, irregular pile of buildings on the north bank of the Thames, without a kindling of earnest feeling.—And this child was as full of earnestness as a bird is of song.

A quiet hush was wont to fall on her usually gay spirit, thus I have been told, when she entered that place, once a Palace!—once a Prison!

A place voiceful with the thrilling and the tragic deeds that clustered there, as thickly as the close-growing ivy clings to its massive sombre walls.

And pondering these sad, sad records of the past, these almost life-full associations, the child's spirit held communion with the by-gone, which led on to the Beyond.—

The ‘Old Armory’ was her most frequent haunt.—

There she dreamed those wide-awake dreams, that make the reality of so many life-hours to us all—as well they may.—

For are not those dreams the Unseen smiling

on the Seen?—Smiling even though it be out of tears.

Thus the hours she spent in gazing on the figures of those knights of the olden time, in their coats of mail, and with the rank, name, and date of each separate knight, inscribed on the banner that signified their identity—came to hold a powerful sway in this English-born maiden's mind.

So powerful, a true knight was to her a warrior, whose “Glory of Virtue, was to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong.”

And the Banner with its four descriptive index words, became an emblem of the “Red Cross Banner,” traced with her heart’s desire,

“Upward ever, Heaven’s above.”

II.

ONLY a few years after that triumphant “Peace Jubilee” came a time when very different emotions stirred the child’s heart.

For the gay sash—and bright-tinted ribbons that bowed her broad-brimmed hat, and dainty pelisse, were suddenly exchanged for sombre black.

A nation mourned. At every fire-side, all England’s Isle over, there was sorrowing.

The young Princess Charlotte lay dead.—Hopes of one hour, had become tears for the next. And this child of whom I tell had come to the question—“What is death?”

Thank God it was the loving grandmother who made reply—“Death is going to Heaven to live with God and the holy angels.”

But she answered: “I thought God was everywhere,—near me all the time.—Why do people need to go away to be with God?”—

Simple was the response, nevertheless it filled the question with a reply that lasted all her life long.

“Why—because God loves them so much, He takes them quite up into Heaven, His own Home.”

So Heaven came to mean Home.

And thus even in childhood she caught an echo of the angels’ Jubilate over every soul that passes Up into glory.

Hence the kindling of another of the Foregleams she left—though not till she knew of Christ and His redeeming Love did she catch the full radiance of His “promise of promises,”—

“I am the Resurrection and the Life.”

And now only one more halt among those days of childhood before we glide on to my darling’s maidenhood.

A time when she still continued encompassed by the “trailing clouds of glory—from God who is our Home.” Clouds of glory that shine with our Foregleams!—

It is only a brief halt—like the tracing of a flower’s outline,—of what nature meant to her, that I linger to gather.

Nature! the tender teacher of all pure, sweet souls—and hers was a sweet soul—so no wonder nature was to her a friend, speaking with a thousand voices, and every voice a whisper from God.

Her birthplace was Thetford, in the county of Norfolk—and her earliest recollections were associated with that old town, through which flows, like a dividing line, the waters of the Lesser Ouse—a clear, bright stream.

I do not think I let imagination trespass on reality when I say, to the child, that rivulet flowing so quietly, till it reached the fall—was a real type of the “still waters.”—

And her dear mind during the latter months of her earthly life so returned to the scenes linked with childhood and youth, I fain believe it was some sweet early memory of that sun-kissed, on-flowing stream, that led her, when asked to leave a message for a dear friend, to reply :

“Tell him of the still waters—and the green pastures.”

For at the word “water” she smiled, a smile that always meant the linking of a memory-picture to an Upward on-look.

I believe, too, the old trees that grow back from that river’s bank were to her emblem-trees of that “Tree that grows in the midst of the Paradise of God.”

For when she became old enough to read its par-

able, all nature was emblematic—and full of sacred meaning to her.—

As for the country around that early home it was replete with life-lasting impressions.

She never lost the sense of awe mingled with eager desire for more knowledge than history furnished as to the ancient “Castle Mounds” that abound in that region.—Often have I heard her tell, in vivid, picture-like language, of the most interesting of them all—“Mount or Castle Hill,” where the earthworks were chalk—the native soil—and probably the highest in England.

To those who as children gathered around this dear one to hearken to her stories of “early days,” the name Thetford will revive a memory that I must record, for simple though it be—still it is an index to her true and humble spirit.

For it shows how she never exalted herself; how when she had done wrong, she never strove to conceal it.—

In recounting these “story-like bits” that were “all true,” she ever tried to link them with a moral.

Yet so richly God had bestowed on her the gracious gift of tact, she never forced those morals but she impressed them.

This Thetford-memory of her wandering from the right—holds the picture of a mid-summer day.—And a child heated and flushed, speeding along the river-path, making no pause to note the beauty of water, tree, or landscape—though she loved all full well.

But she was a truant that day. No time—no heart had she for nature's sweet lessons.—

Away, away, from the safe shelter of the home-garden, through the open gate she sped—on to the river-path, with its picturesque over-hanging alder-bushes which served as a screen for her tiny figure.—On and on toward her goal—the estate of Canons—so named from a house of Canons of the Holy Sepulchre, formerly located on the spot that now is famous for warrens of silver-gray rabbits.—

And it was the rabbits that the child was as eager to see as Eve was to taste the apple.—

Why?—Was it because both were forbidden?—

Forbidden! it is so often the secret of why we want!—

But I will not detail the story—enough, when twilight was waning she was found—a rosy cherub

asleep—in a quiet nook, with the river flowing by
—and the blue sky looking down.—

The joy over the finding of the little runaway :
the grief she had caused all that live-long day : the
anxious search and agony of apprehension her will-
ful wandering had given, never left her dear
mind. And it proved not only to her, but to one
at least of the seven children of her flock—the in-
terpreting text of the full meaning of the parable
of the prodigal son—and the joy over the wan-
derer's return.

A text that made clearer, too, “the joy in heaven
over one sinner that repenteth.”

For she was with that wise, tender grandmother
then. And when she was sorry—oh, so sorry for
her straying—there was a joyful acceptance and
recognition of that repentance.

Thus the fact of a child's wandering became
another link in her life, binding earthly deeds to
heavenly Foregleams.

For all that makes “forgiveness” real to us is a
heavenly Foregleam of the full forgiveness of Him,
by whose redemptive Love, we penitents on earth
are yet heirs of Heaven.

So precious are these early memories, I could
linger long among them—but you will weary.

And yet, as in Murray's "Hand-Book" for travellers, I find "From Thetford to Bury St. Edmund's," so in my record of her life—as years travelled on—we pass from the old town to the "bright little village of Bury St. Edmund's," as Dickens calls it.

A brightness and cheerfulness so remarkable we find it mentioned early as the sixteenth century—"Bury—the sun hath not shone on a town more delightfully situated."

A pleasant place from which to know impressions emanated, as they did many and many—and among them there is a tender significance in the recorded: "Bury, with its homes looking toward the rising sun."—

This significance runs like a silvery thread woven in with the dawning of thought in her soul—on—to that beloved soul's beautiful quickening of thought as earthly days grew few—heavenly days near.

For—was it because in childhood she looked toward the East, that when the time came for her to pass beyond the boundary of this world—she wanted her dear face turned toward the place of sun-rising?

Was this why she loved so well Ezekiel's mention of the "gate of the inner-court that looked toward the East"?—And—"the glory of the Lord" coming "from the way of the East"?—

I think it was.—

On the hill-slope where most of the Bury homes are built, there still remains a long and massive range of monastic ruins.—

It is hard for us New England dwellers to catch the breath of romance that pervades this old England town as completely as sea-waves encircle a mid-ocean island.

But the English child held in well-nigh sacred reverence the story of St. Edmund.

It was all real to her, even though fragmentary and legendary in detail, like the other stories that portrayed the royal pilgrims, who from time to time sought the shrine of the Saint.—

Foremost of all these traditional annals was that of Edward the Confessor, walking barefoot into town—walking over the very same path her young feet trod.—

But we must not tarry, for even though rich in memories, and full of beauty are the remains of

Monastery Gate—and churches, St. James' and St. Mary's—our interest centres round the old ruins on the “edge of the hill,” where they formed boundary lines—and in some places were enclosed in the grounds belonging to those Eastward-looking homes.

It was thus in the garden where she played and dreamed.

Yet spite the wonder-land of romance and history they suggested, the chief interpreters of those whispers, that were like echoes of angels songs to this child, came through flowers. And she wandered free as the air among the flower-bordered paths of the old garden.

We all know, if not by memory, by tradition, something of the wealth of blossom and fragrance of the old-time English garden—“a wilderness of sweets”—a lesson-book full of meanings.—

So full to our dear learner! and she was very young, too, when she began to read the garden’s parable with its beautiful teaching of constant progress Upward.

A lesson more precious to a life pilgrim than any mere book-taught knowledge—for “the object of life is to grow, and plants always mount upward.”

and never stop growing till they have attained the height the author of nature prescribed."

And plants are called types of Christians.—

Not till childhood had gone did she recognize in its full beauty of meaning that a Christian must ever be growing Upward.—

"Grow in grace"—that is the command.

"Sparks fly upward toward their fount of fire,
Kindling, flashing, hovering.

• • • • • • •
Kindle, flash, my soul ; mount higher and higher."

This was the lesson of Upward growth the garden taught her—and she learned it so well, that as life went on her dear heart was lifted Up above the world.

Yes, truly she lived up to the requirements of the apostle—till now she is raised Up—and "made to sit in Heavenly Places in Christ Jesus."

III.

To portray the experience of maidenhood always seems to require the brush of an artist, or the pen of a poet.—

For how tell in prose words the story of life's dream-time? The time that is wont to be beautiful as an idyl.

When my darling came to the place where the years of her earthly life well-nigh counted twice seven,—I know from what has been told me, it might truly have been said, to her—

“The earth, and every common sight
 did seem
Apparelled in celestial light.”

It was then, that what had been deemed a lingering cold seemed to assume the heralding cough prefiguring a quick decline.

And for change of climate she was sent from her native sea-encompassed isle, to sunny France.—

There to complete, as the set phrase reads, “her education.”—That something that never will be

completed either here or in Heaven, for surely there is no limit to progress,—no end to the song of redemption!—

Think for a minute of that song, and of how our dear ones who have gone to the Upper Home, are learning now, every day and every hour, some new strain in the Heavenly Anthem.

Such a beautiful lesson for them—but—for us here—the time of waiting to join them—oh, it seems so long—long—because we wait.—

But for them, verily I believe, they will hardly know they have waked in Heaven before we will be with them learning the song too, and then, for us, as for them now, all tears will be wiped away. Ah, think of that meeting!—

Sometimes we catch a faint hint of it as we make one of some great gathering of long separated friends.

Think, too, of how the music that will thrill the Heavenly concourse of redeemed souls, will make hearts beat as no orchestra of earth ever could—for it will be the ‘New Song’—the Song of Redemption.

But to return to our narrative in outline.

There was another reason than health why her parents decided to send their only daughter to a foreign land.

In the rank of life in which her life began, and in accordance with the custom of the time, betrothal was more an arrangement of parents' pleasure, than a child's preference.

And the romance of life began early for this English maiden, whose parents decreed that she must be fitted by every advantage of education to adorn the high position,—as the world of society counts position,—which would be secured for her by marriage with the first-born son of a family of high, though untitled, rank, to whom they had betrothed her.

Even at that early age she knew, though she hardly comprehended the knowledge, that the tall, fair-haired, ruddy-faced Saxon youth who slipped on her finger a golden circlet, gemmed with sapphires, deep-toned in color—clear-hearted stones of sentiment as well as of intrinsic value—was to be in the future a nearer and dearer friend than any of the merry lads her girl companions called cousins and brothers.—

She knew too, in this undefined way, that the

stately mansion, whose turrets she could see from her window, was some day to mean home to her.—

But her soul was so simple and healthful by nature—even before grace had perfected it—this knowledge wakened no sickly sentimentality—fostered no false estimate of the true worth of life.

This in later years she was wont to acknowledge as truly a gift from the Lord—for those days she had little other help, she was surrounded by much which tended to magnify the world and the things of the world.

She had been for several years quite removed from the good grandmother's upward-leading influences.—But Upward still held sway in her soul.

Not that she was perfect. No, she was quick of temper, wilful and determined; goodness cost her many a hard struggle,—as it does all strong, earnest natures.

Often she uttered a hasty word, did a hasty deed; but spite this, in her dear heart aspiration ever dwelt, even though sometimes it might be a caged bird.

Ever upward progress was the rule of her desires.—Not only the sense of achievement—she went deeper than *that*—*being* always meant to her more than *doing*.

"We must *be* something in order to *do* something; but we must also *do* something in order to *be* something," may well be called her motto.—

To grow in soul, higher, deeper, richer—as years came and went—this was what she strove after, and she knew it could only be through conquering difficulties, only through acceptance of the "axe laid at the root" of self-will, and superficial self-knowledge—and she bowed to the discipline—so truth, *descending* into her heart and mind became *life ascending*.

Recalling her childhood and youth, many a time have I heard her say:

"Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."—

She so ever felt whatever she attained, whether it came through sorrow or joy, was God's gift.—

And scarcely ever did she thus say without adding:

"For verily, every event has been a link in the chain."—

And by the chain she meant, the experiences that began away back in early childhood, and reached on to old age.

That wonderful chain that binds the mortal to the immortal—the soul to God, from life's first

dawning hour here, to its setting—and thus on, to its rising *There*.

It is just because those links—those experiences—helped develop and make her what she was—a giver of broad inlooks into the Beyond—that they serve as unfoldings for us of the Foregleams she left.

For they are like some key, that unlocks a casket of treasures that hold, each one, some suggestive glimpse of the glory from that Holy City—with its twelve foundation-stones of beauty.

Glimpses of Heavenly radiance that gleamed down “when the curtain opened” for my beloved to “pass through.”

Through—yes, through the Door of the sheep, her Saviour, and our Saviour, she glided into spring-like brightness from out the autumn twilight when she left us.

Glided into eternal spring.—And, we who sorrow will go *There* too; only be patient.—

“ Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart’s true home, will come at last.”

IV.

INTERESTING as the pages of a story-book is the record of my dear one's school-girl years in Paris.—

But I must only note the clearest, most defined headlands of influence.

Points which stand out as snow-capped peaks in a mountain range.

The first year was passed in the strict discipline of a Convent-school, where no word of English ever greeted the child from the Island beyond the waters of the channel.

Every experience was strange to her, and many an hour her young heart cried out with a homesick longing to fly away, away.

And yet, the mystery and awe in worship and form straightway took a strong hold on her imaginative mind.—The voices of the nuns in low choral chant; the breath of the waving incense; the white-robed novices—vowed from babyhood to the Virgin Mother—the old Priest who gently urged, never compelled her to enter the confessional stall; the quiet sisters with their soft tread, sombre

robes, and faces where dwelt a holy calm, all meant much to her.

And she never lightly regarded the spiritual lessons she there learned.

Lessons that were of more practical use, when years came full of discipline and reverse, than all the Italian verse, music, and high culture in literature and art.

For it was one of the “sisters,” who taught the high-spirited girl, that submission is the cornerstone of *peace*.

So well she learned this, all through her life she never complained; she bravely accepted as God’s will the changes that came to her.

She submitted too, not only to the great trials, but to trifling annoyances and inconveniences, with cheerfulness.

As one who only knew her after age had silvered the brown hair,—age that never dimmed her blue eyes—said to me but yesterday:

“Always, no matter what happened, she seemed to have a smile in her heart.”

And she did—the smile of God.

Another lesson gentle “Sister Agnes” impressed on her young mind, was the “nun’s maxim,”—

"There is no greater humility than to accept the limits God prescribes, and to make our works within those limits great works."

In after years this knowledge was one of the chief secrets of her influence; she never regarded anything as too insignificant to be worth doing thoroughly.

And now we come to a time when I take up "the little red book" in which her own dear hand records:

"It was so ordered by an over-ruling Providence, that later I was placed in a Protestant school, and under the same roof of the Hotel de Montmorenci, with the then only dissenting minister in Paris—Rev. Mark Wilks—whose limited congregation worshipped in one of the Cupolas of the Oratoire."

And—then, and there, began a truer romance for this English maiden, than any her parents could arrange for her.

But no one ever yet caught the secret of the why of love—and I will not try.

Love that blossoms in the heart like flowers by the road-side, with apparently no hand to plant them; no gardener to watch and tend them.

And yet, why call that a secret which is so open? for surely God wakens the love, just as God plants the flowers.

In my darling's heart it was so a true, beautiful, holy love, none could question God gave it, even though it caused much pain, and the disappointment of many a fond hope and ambition to her parents.

Much pain even to herself—for after a brief time of brilliant life, while still in early womanhood, reverse and care took the place of affluence and luxury.

The tender guardianship of the strong husband of her youth, was speedily followed by years of lonely widowhood.

But there is much of joy to record before we come to the sorrowful.—And surely, joy holds Foregleams—even as joy holds discipline.—Yet the lines are true,—

“ ‘Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.”

1834

V.

GLADLY would I lengthen these records that have to do with the blossom-time of my dear one's May of life.

But June will not wait.—And yet there are details of the dawning and ripening of her love for the dark-eyed stranger from across the sea, and of his love for her that held life-lasting influences opening Up to Heaven.

There are details, too, that were of deep significance all the days of her life, connected with the hard-won consent of father and mother to her marriage with an American.

But consent was at last granted, and the wedding-day came.

In her own "little red book" I find recorded :

"I was presented before the altar of B—Church, by my father, and there, according to the solemn ceremony of matrimony, pledged my heart and hand to him who was henceforth to be their sole possessor."

Wife once—wife always, it meant to her.

Do you ask, how then did she explain the verse: “In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage”? Its sequel—“but are as the angels of God,” is one answer.

But you want a fuller reply? Marriage was to her the sacred type of true love—the cementing of hearts.—And hearts once truly united in love she believed were united forever.

For true love is holy, and Heaven-born, and Heaven-like, and thus endless.

No *once* did she recognize as belonging to it, under whatever form it exists in this world’s nomenclature.

Endless, I repeat, because to be true and holy it must be love in Christ. Yes, thank God, “hearts are linked to hearts by God—a friend—God’s own gift!”

Just here—though it will necessitate a long interlude in her life’s story—I will strive to answer, through the light her dear life gives, the question,

“Shall we know our friends after death?”

I do not think she ever doubted future recognition, and the Foregleam we have of that hereafter-knowledge she would have expressed in much the

same language as the extract I copy from a well-known writer on Heavenly themes.

"Shall we know our friends after death?"—That is your query.—And mine is—"How do we know them here?"—

Edmund Sears makes answer—"We know them since their peculiar qualities of mind and affection are imaged in the features, and expressed and toned in the living form—made effusive of the soul within.—But all this is more completely true of the spiritual man, since the spiritual body is more quickly and perfectly the exponent of the soul, and hence it will result that we shall know those we have loved even better than we know them here."

"For when thought meets thought, and heart opens to heart, it will be the fond gaze of the old familiar face:—faces that have not changed except to be made more familiar, since more than ever they are living transparencies through which we look into hearts that have beat in union with our own."

The doctrine of recognition is once formally stated in the New Testament, and always implied—read 1 Thess. iv. 13–14.

Surely then it is not unscriptural for us to feel,

“Death removes the mask of time and age, that the undecaying affections may take on the face and features that belong to them in the fulness of their immortal prime.”

Yes, we shall recognize our friends; this mortal shall put on immortality, this corruptible incorruption. “Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Take the comfort of this glad hope into your sorrowing, lonely heart, dear F——, and let it fall as moonbeams on a summer night in a pathway of golden shining light across the sullen waters of the dark river—we call death.

Only call, for there is no death in going from earth to heaven, from age to eternal youth, from mortality to immortality—going from this straitened, sin-girt earth-life into the full, beautiful life of the Upper Heaven: and our precious ones are there now; where they

“Walk in soft, white light,
. . . . they summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.”

Ah! no, there is no death for those who go—the dying is for us who stay!

And now I resume the journal extracts.—Her

wedding day was in mid-winter, but she writes: “The sky was cloudless, and to me it seemed to hail our union with delight, and to exhibit emblems of future happiness.

“The dear scenes which I have known from childhood”—she was married from the country home of a beloved aunt, who held the place of a spiritual mother to her—“never seemed so peaceful and beautiful to me as they did on leaving the ivy-covered church.”

Then follows a bright word-picture of the friends assembled to wish the fair young bride “God speed.” A quaint bit of description, vivid as though penned but yesterday, and yet—the faded ink—the yellow, time-stained paper tell of more than fifty years ago!—Fifty years!—Ah, think of the names written in the Lamb’s Book of Life during those years!

My dear one’s record recounts the story of the wedding-breakfast; of farewell blessings; and the singing of a parting song, composed and set to music by herself—a song in which loving tribute is paid to father, mother, little brother, and all dear friends.

Next comes the swift speeding of the post-chaise down the familiar avenue, across the knoll, on to the gate which opened so wide to let the bride through.—Out of the home boundary—on to the high-road.—Out, and away from the sound of the joyous peal of the marriage bells—away from the sound of the voice of the sturdy groom, who, hat in hand and wedding favored, repeated over and over the echoing “God bless you.”

“And then”—her own words—“the gate closed, my girl-life lay all behind me.”

The wedding journey as she described it is like a poem, but I can only give you a mere budget of items.

For many of those days, sweet and lovely though their story be, hold scarce any Foregleams for us, except in the shadowy way in which all that is beautiful in love is a reflection from the There—for verily, all that illumines true joy in these lives of ours comes from above, like light.

That high-road, entered through the wide open gate, led on to Ipswich, and past the “Sparrow House.”

A quaint old mansion, that in by-gone years

had for two centuries been the home of her ancestors.

A mansion that is still pointed out, to those curious in such matters, as an excellent specimen of ornamentation in the time of Charles II., its exterior being profusely ornamented with festoons, foliage, and bas-reliefs: those in front of the four bay-windows representing the four quarters of the world. — Within, there is a finely carved chimney-piece, with the arms of Sparrow—and in the attic a room said to have been used as a secret chapel by the Jesuits; also a hiding-place where Charles II. is supposed to have been concealed: but the exterior is, after all, of more interest than the interior.

Leaving Ipswich they proceeded to London: by sunset of the morrow they were there.

Then a brief halt, and then on again, across Westminster Bridge, through Depthford, Norwich, and Dartford on the Thames—still onward—only lingering at Canterbury for a look at its Cathedral—then on till the evening of the fourth day, when at twilight they entered Dover, “the town completely cradled under the cliffs,” with their castle-crowned summit.

Crowned though by ruins!—

For they were ruins with a broad outlook seaward, and skyward, too, for my precious one.

Yes, she looked Up—that happy bride, Up, and the stars looked down on her.—Up through smiles, and later on—she still looked Up when a lonely widow. Up always through smiles and through tears.

When morning came, and the sailing-hour, rain fell: it was a dawning heavy with mist that soon shut away the white cliffs of old England.

So they sped amid the rain and the mist across the channel for Calais; which being reached—their way was still onward to Paris.

You know the points of interest on that Paris-ward way—and you know enough now of my dear one's nature to enable you to understand her eager interest in the halts they made. And how full St. Denis was to her of meaning, with its church—the cemetery of many a French king—and a place, too, of relics—spite the destruction of revolutionary days.—

Though they could not all be restored when the edifice was rebuilt by Napoleon, whose nuptials with Marie Louise were celebrated before its beautiful altar.

Tears our young bride shed then—she remembered Josephine.—Dear heart, she was always mindful of those who had known sorrow.

Their stay in Paris was brief—for that wedding trip had for its goal her husband's far-off birthland, and after twelve days they hastened on toward Havre, from which port, on January 17th, they embarked for America.

A dreary season to sail, even though the voyage was homeward to the husband, and thus sunny-sided to the wife.

Of the sailing day she writes: “Bright and not very cold.”—

She feared neither cold, nor wild wintry storms. All was bright—where her husband led!—she loved him so.—

In the record of that voyage—which was so all unlike a now-a-day trip across the Atlantic—I find noted:

“On the thirteenth day out a vessel was seen; on the fourteenth day a beautiful little bird was caught on deck, a bird of gay plumage, supposed to have escaped from the vessel seen the previous day.”

And thus days went on till February 24th, when floating sea-weeds heralded nearing Newfoundland

Banks—and again days are numbered till March 3d,—they sailed January 17th!—when at last land! land!! was the cry.

Most ended, the long voyage—almost home!—

Do you wonder that voyage under wintry skies, across storm-tossed waves—was like a parable of life to a soul quick as hers to catch the undertone meaning that is always brimful to a thoughtful, earnest listener?

Do you wonder it held a Foregleam of life here and of life hereafter?—Marked as it was by the bright days and stormy days—the bird emblem of Hope,—and the land—Home!—

“Like unto ships far out at sea,
Outward and Homeward bound are we.”

Homeward bound! we should be comforted, you and I, who are still voyagers across this wide sea of Time.—

For,—Home is beyond.—Home,—and Home is Heaven.—

Yes, our “Home-centre” is in Heaven, where our dearest are now.—“Our circle here grows less and less. It is broken and broken, and then closed up again, and every break makes it narrower and smaller.—But—what matter if for us, even while

the sun is scarce meridian high, the majority are on
the other side! The circle There is larger as the
one here is less, and we vibrate between the two
only a little longer,"—and then we, too, will cross
over—a little more patience and the balance will
settle on the spiritual shore—and we shall be at
Home in the Upper Sphere.—

Till that glad day comes let us try to say,
“ Dear Lord, we will

“ Wait in patient hope, although Thou long withhold
The chalice, Death and Life brimmed, chrismal seal
Of conquest, at whose touch the pearly gates unfold,
And Heaven's high glories to the soul reveal.”

With such a blessed on-look, and knowing our dear
ones are There, shall we complain? — No,—
rather let us remember,

“ We only wait as minors, till the glad birthday
Shall crown us—before our Father's throne.”

Let us remember too,

“ Comfortless, aye, orphan'd, God dost never make
His children. Trusting hearts are kept in peace.”

Oh! if we only trust, then

When our night-time comes, He will bid us sleep to
wake
Where every sob is hushed and sorrows cease.”

VI.

REALIZING the truth, that we are swiftly drifting away from the dear old times that were the “young days” of a generation well-nigh passed from earth,—I will comply with your request, dear F—, and copy somewhat more at length from the “little red record book,” than is perhaps within the bounds of these fragmentary papers.

Though revelations of her quick, bright intelligence; her firm, true grasp of events and their bearings; her love-warm, responsive heart certainly belong to these In Memoriam pages. And I think every descriptive extract holds some suggestion of the Unseen and Beyond, that the Seen and the Present emblemed to a soul like hers—that ever felt the aspiring of the kingdom of heaven within the heart, reaching out in Upward looks.—

For life had a wide horizon for her. In all it brought—and it brought much to sadden—she ever found a glow of hope.

She was so buoyant by nature—and so strong

was her faith in that which is Above life's sorrows and disappointments, she made all who knew her happier and stronger by the cheer of her own bright, faithful soul.

Then too, and this added to her influence—there was nothing stilted or conventional in her religious life.—She was fresh and natural in that, as she was in everything.

Her faith was not a mere reflection of the lessons learned in childhood—though always they were abiding.—No, it was rather the thoughtful, earnest acceptance of a large experience; a faith all the firmer after its severest trials and hardest discipline.—And because of this, she made very real the truth that life here is but the beginning of life There, the stepping-stone leading to endless progress and goodness.

Hence now that she has gone to the blessed fruition of her desire, almost we forget the roughness of the path by which God sometimes led, so bright with heavenly radiance are the dear memories of her, that stay like beacon lights to illumine the way Up for us who are still “pilgrims of the night.”—

It is spring-time now—the song-birds are return-

ing. Soon in green nooks, in meadow, and by roadside, violets will be blossoming—the tender fronds of new ferns are beginning to unfold—all green things are waking up—how the mystery of future existence is proclaimed over and over again with every return of nature's resurrection season.—And how well my dear one loved the spring—its mystery was so precious to her—she was so willing to rest in God's wisdom, so content to wait,—for truly she believed "it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know we shall be like Him when we see Him as He is."—Like God—that was the likeness after which she strove while here on earth—and thus she lived in the felt Presence of the Infinite.

Felt—you will understand this because even as you ask, How can we be like God?—How can we feel His Presence? you know there is that within your heart that tells you, you may be—and that something is the Infinite that is in every soul.

But we have wandered so far from our opening of the "red book," truly we need to hasten our return to that page, which might be the preface to an allegory.—And—it is—for surely, daily life, even though we call it commonplace, is still an allegory!—

Her journal tells:

"It was a moment of universal joy after having been tossed by the tempestuous billows for forty-six days to again behold the habitations of man,—then too, to some it was the country that gave them birth—there after years of separation they were to behold again the friends and the scenes that belonged to their childhood.

"To me it was a land of strangers, though of friends, for I was to meet those dear to the heart of my husband; it was, too, a land of deepest interest, and I contemplated the little speck which darkened the horizon with feelings as sweet, if not as profound, as any among the group of passengers."

It was evening when the glimmer of Sandy Hook lighthouse became visible. Morning when the beautiful harbor was entered, and the city lay before them, "walled in apparently by a forest of masts."

Do you trace the undertone metaphor in all this?—

A metaphor in which nature's sea and landscape, harbor and port, all indicate a spiritual, heavenly haven.

Ah! if thus for us "the light of the after-scene were always turned full upon the fore-scene, how

even the smallest things would be elevated and touched with the dignity and beauty of the Hereafter."

A line from her journal now, "The anchor was thrown"—she states the fact, and then reflection follows as a rose opens from a bud.—And remember, in all her reflections linked with this wedding journey, time had not yet counted twenty full years of life for her.—

She writes:—

"There is not perhaps any event that can make a meeting more interesting than a long sea voyage: the knowledge of the dangers escaped elevates our feelings and brightens our gratitude: the meeting of long separated friends presents a scene words can not describe; to see joy so animate, so pure, expressed in every countenance, gives all around for a moment a cast of more than human happiness."—

What a Foregleam she had then!—A gleam verily of heavenly meeting and reunion after life's voyage.

"They will not return to us, but we shall go to them,"—that, I think, was the music to which her spiritual ear hearkened.—

"I hear it, singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it."

Foregleam music.—Do you hear it too?—Hark!

"That music breathes through all my spirit,
As the breezes blow through a tree;
And my soul gives light as it quivers,
Like moons on a tremulous sea."

Why?—because

—“the sounds—

How native, how house-hold they are;
The tones of old homes mixed with heaven,
The dead and the angels, speak there.
Dear voices that long have been silenced,
Come clear from their peaceable land,
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness
From the Presence in which they stand.”

I will not linger to describe the “landing,” which was followed by an almost immediate embarking for the sail up the Hudson.

Neither will I tarry over the arrival at the hill-side village, that is guarded westward by the Catskill range, the Indians called the “Mountains of the sky,”—snow-crowned mountains at that season of the year.—

The village guarded eastward by the broad Hudson.

"It was three o'clock in the morning"—thus she tells—"when the boat was moored to the wharf—and moonlight."

What a poem in those two words!—Silent moonlight—the waves of that on-flowing river gleaming in silvery moonshine, and above it the sky!—and the stars!

Then came the drive through the village street, and over the hills where the great pines that edged the roadside seemed like solemn sentinels guarding the way for this new-comer from across the wide ocean.—And then comes a sacred picture—the meeting of a father and mother with a long-absent son—and the welcoming as a daughter his young wife—that little bride of English birth.

Even her written words, describing that hour, seem to glow with the deep, earnest emotions that thrilled her dear heart :

"Joy beamed on every countenance, and pride on the part of the aged parents as they beheld their beloved son. I already felt to love them."

She was always so loyal and true of heart, this "feeling" never wavered; she says of it—"that love increased."

Hence her dear heart, her dear eyes were holden

from any shrinking away from the much in that simple home of an American pastor, that was so all unlike the stately ordering of her own parents' home.

She saw only the good—and there was so much of that to see.

And love had to aid in this happy seeing, the fact, that in spite of the absence of much this world's code of etiquette demands, always the spirit of true refinement held sway there—and culture of mind and culture of heart.

It was, too, a home ruled by the motto,—“Thou, God, seest me”—and lighted by the promise, “The pure in heart shall see God.”

Yes—God in the heart, and God in the home, was what she found: and “it is not outward circumstances that form or give interest to a home: it is something far tenderer and deeper: it is the pulse of heavenly affection throbbing through every member, and coming down from the Infinite heart above.”

Catskill village she describes,—

“In itself nothing particularly striking, but the scenery around most beautiful.”

"Our parents' home,"—notice the word, not his, but our, to this loving wife straightway they became our—"is on a hill which commands a view of the river rolling majestically through verdant valleys.—On the other side are the mountains, towering above the clouds—a grand range that Washington Irving so beautifully calls the fairy mountains, 'where every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in their magical hues and shapes. When the weather is fair they are clothed in blue and purple, and paint their bold outlines on the clear sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of grey vapor across their summits, which in the last rays of the setting sun will glow and light up like a crown of glory.'"—

In after years those glory-crowned mountains became types of the Heavenly Hills to my darling—and now—within their shadow—in that quiet resting-place where the mortal waits immortality, her dear form is waiting the resurrection touch of the Resurrection Morn.

"In Peace."—Only two words on the white stone that marks that resting-place.

But——on the stone the sign of the Cross!

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
• • • • .
Peace is there that none can measure,
Joys that through all time abide."

Why?—Because,

"No cross—no saint,
No cross—no Saviour."

VII.

THERE is such a charm in memory-pages which portray the Past,—I think you will not weary even if I copy at some length from my dear one's "notes by the way."

Telling as they do of people, so many of whom have gone from earth to Heaven, verily, even their written names seem like hand-clasps with the Beyond.

Seem, too, to bid our souls mount with them, the blessed departed, Up even into the High Heavens.

And no less full of Upward-leading lessons are the records of by-gone scenes that hold no identity with now, except the fact of locality.

For here, in our still youthful country, change and alteration so hold sway. Only nature stays the same.

This changelessness of nature always had much of significance to my precious one, though its

Foregleam-meaning became more apparent as her earthly pilgrimage drew near its close.

It was so beautiful, so tender a mindfulness of His own, the illumining with which the Heavenly Father opened those days the eye of her dear soul, to the recognition of the Future in the Past.

For, can we doubt that it is the Heavenly Father who, as the natural senses begin to grow dim, and are soon to be fast locked by the mystery and the silence—we call death—opens wide a revelation of on-ward seeing ?

No, surely, we can not doubt that God gives as it were a new sense to His dear children.

And we have Bible authority for the belief.—Do you remember?—it is written in 2 Kings vi. 17—“and Elisha prayed, and said, ‘Lord, I pray Thee open his eyes, that he may see,’ and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw”—his eyes received a new power of vision !

But I return to the statement, that all her life was a Divine ordering.

She was always so eager to impress this truth, and that the ordering was sent to teach her “to value things not only for what they now are, but for what they mean, for what they disclose of God’s

intent, for the eternal treasure that is folded in them."

My reason for noting this just here is, its recognition is what makes the chief importance of travel and extended acquaintance with the world and its inhabitants.

For, "whatsoever tends to the enlargement of nature; which discerns in the Present seeds of the Future: in the affections of earth the promise of Heaven: in the Seen the symbols of the Unseen, is evidence of God's most tender care for the spiritual growth of His children."

Viewed in this light—the light in which she regarded all experiences—even prosaic details of her wedding-journey radiate Heavenly Foregleams.

And in that glow I will resume copying from her journal where she records :

"The time spent in Catskill passed away delightfully; on the 11th of April, we proceeded to New York.

"We passed down the North River; it is impossible to describe the beauties of the Highlands. Nature has here congregated so many of her imposing and glorious things together, one is overpowered with awe at her majestic works."

How vividly her soul is pictured in these descriptive bits; how she felt, through every fibre of her responsive spirit,—

“The presence and the power of greatness”; and,

“Deep feelings impressed great objects on her mind,” that dear mind that was so truly a

“Thanksgiving to the power that made her”: for

“It was blessedness and love.”

Next comes a description of Revolutionary times, as sitting on the deck of the swiftly speeding boat the young husband pointed out to—as he playfully called her—his Tory bride, one and another point of interest near and about West Point.

Almost we seem to catch the echo of a sigh from her tender heart, as she writes, “There Major André was sentenced to suffer death as a spy.”

Her record continues thus an interlinking of the visible with the invisible, till we come to the pages which picture the New York of more than fifty years ago.

She describes the Battery as a “fashionable promenade, its situation beautiful, commanding a fine water view.”—And of Castle Garden she writes,—“It is in the Battery, and a place of great resort, where fire-works are displayed, and music enlivens the summer evenings with harmonious sounds.”

She also notes—“The street called Broadway is wide, and runs perfectly straight for a mile and a half.” Among the city churches, Grace and St. Paul’s are mentioned, also St. John’s for its spire, “the highest in the city.”

The most famous public buildings are numbered too, and the flourishing village of Brooklyn!

But, as the object of these Memorial pages is to open looks Heaven-ward, we will not tarry amid brick and mortar.

Neither will we do more than glide on swiftest wing through the annals of that onward trip which led Southward, then Eastward, and back again to the village among the hills. Among the days spent in Washington, the most prominent event of interest was the visit to the Capitol, and seeing the President, John Quincy Adams.

I give her own account of Mount Vernon—she writes:

"We passed through Alexandria, and entered a wood, the road through which was very intricate. After some few difficulties we reached a spot rendered interesting as having been the residence of the great George Washington."—But we will bridge her details of the house and grounds, and resume her narrative where the Tomb of Washington is pictured :

"It is perfectly unadorned, and seems somewhat neglected—around stands a small grove of cedars, which serve to point out the humble cemetery of him who was, and whose name still is, the pride of every American."

We know, without her telling, her reflections as she stood by that simple tomb, so all unlike the monumental honor wont to be accorded the illustrious departed in her native land.

For she was too quick of feeling not to reverence the something greater than any visible mark of honor that hovered about that retired grave, whispering in every breeze that stirred the cedar boughs, of an influence that needed no marble tablet to perpetuate it—for the man whose mortal remains rest there was superior to time: he lived for the immortal, and thus left the monument of

noble aspirations—"which make a life live again in those who carry forward his work."

Yes, surely—a Foregleam of the truth, that mind, thought, and soul live forever, was tenderly folded in among the grass-blades my dear one gathered as mementoes from that tomb.

Of the journey on to Baltimore, little of interest is recorded: neither does she enter into any special description of the city.

Philadelphia is described more at length, but here, too, I find but few revealings of her own special self-hood. She tells of a brief stay at Princeton, and mentions with interest the Theological Academy—adding—"It is related that during the battle of Princeton, a cannon-shot entered the chapel, and tore the head from a portrait of "George the Third."—

But the English wife of the American husband makes no reflection on this tale——she was always loyal to her husband's country.

New York reached, again they resumed steam-boat journey, and proceeded to Providence, from which place they travelled on to Boston—by coach.

She finds "nothing of special interest to record

till," as she writes, "we reached Roxbury, where we saw the remains of the entrenchments thrown up by Washington in 1776, to shut the British troops up in the town—and the country on both sides retains marks of American forts, etc."

Then follows the entrance to Boston—and arrival, as evening was closing in, at the residence of her husband's only sister, where a loving welcome awaited the travellers.

A large company were assembled to receive the young English bride—and even to old age, she was wont to meet now one, and then another, who remembered that evening when she came a stranger among strangers—but with a heart so love-warm—a mind so bright, and free from prejudice, that her soul was wide awake to take in every elevating impression, and to receive and give pleasure from, and to, all.

The chief points of interest in and about the Boston of those by-gone days are well known,—and yet there is a certain charm in her fresh descriptions of even familiar subjects that tempts me to tarry and tell in her own words of "Fanueil Hall, where the Americans first discussed the expediency of declaring themselves free and independent of England,"

—and of “the fine piece of ground called the Common, considered one of the greatest ornaments of Boston. In its centre a tree called the tree of Liberty.”—

She also comments on the Navy Yard—and “Bunker Hill.” And the beautiful environs of Boston she greatly admired. Indeed her stay in the “Athens of America” was all a delight to her.—

The attentions of her husband’s sister and family were, too, very sweet to her—and she never forgot the kindness shown her those days.

It was ever thus,—gratitude was always awake in her heart; even trifling courtesies were remembered.—For she possessed a nature that could bear the weight of feeling and recognizing gratitude—and this trait revealed a lofty nature—for it requires a lofty soul to be truly grateful,—enigma-like as the words seem.

But I must not linger to enumerate the pleasures connected with those happy days of her first Boston visit.

Indeed her journey leads on.—Inland their way now—by stage-coach called an extra—and only for their private use.

Williamstown was their destination.—Her record tells:

“We passed through many towns and villages which did not interest me particularly.” But nature was full of beauty.—“Woods, rocks, and waterfalls,” she writes, “gave an air of wildness, rendering the scene peculiarly picturesque.”

It was the season when all the earth was a-glory with foliage and blossom. Early summer was treading over the hills and valleys: smiling on field-flowers—wooing the birds to song: the season of nature’s June-time joy,—and it was reflected in her young, glad soul, for

“Love sitting in the heart touches all the keys
And brings out all the music.”

Hence that journey was like a song, and yet a song that held in its gladness the under-tone that is the echo of the Upper-tone.

“We are continually traversing mountains and descending into deep ravines which seem uninhabited, and to me present a scene of the deepest interest.” It is thus she pictures their way, and after a description of a rarely beautiful gorge between the high hills, she adds: “I can not believe the

feeling it gives rise to, of the wonders of this beautiful world, can ever be effaced from the memory."

And it never was from hers: for always she beheld nature's beauty with a reverence approaching awe. As though it were verily,—and is it not?—the tangible suggestion God has given of the Land Beyond: always she responded to nature's universal proclamation, "God reigns."

But for the fear of wearying you, dear F——, I would gladly copy every word that tells of those joy-encompassed days—but that fear bids me hasten on, as did our travellers with but a brief tarrying at "Amherst, noted for Mount Pleasant: a large establishment for the education of young gentlemen," thus she calls it.—Then followed a scarce longer stay at Northampton, where she stood, with her heart full of holy thoughts, by the side of the good David Brainerd's grave. Lebanon, and Shaker village too, are both noted,—and Lanesboro—a hill-guarded town, where her husband's honored grandfather had been pastor for over sixty years!—No wonder—for he was a Collins—and they are all men of stalwart faith.—

And now at last, Williamstown, the heart of their trip, is reached.

For there they received the welcome of the Professor brother, whose saintly life held a bright Foregleam of Heavenly influence for my dear one,—and whose early call from earth to Heaven, cast a shadow later on for that Foregleam to illumine.

Pleasant is the account of the warm greeting that awaited the young couple at the hospitable home of Judge N——, the father of that brother's winsome wife, who was so sweet a type of a young American bride for our English bride to know and love.—

But resolutely now, with no more pause over descriptive pages, I will bridge the way and time till again we find my darling in the Parsonage home—where the whole family were assembled. And where the days were framed in by prayer as the earthly father asked—at night and morning—blessings from the Heavenly Father.

And, if the answers to those prayers came, some in the form of sorrow—surely they were still blessings—even as joys were.

“Angel of pain, I think thy face
Will be in all the heavenly place.

• • • • •
Dear, patient angel! to thine own

Thou comest, and art never known,
Till late, in some lone twilight place,
The light of thy transfigured face
Sudden shines out, and speechless they
Know they have walked with Christ all day."

VIII.

HAPPY is the story of the days spent in that peaceful home—and quaint are the glimpses her pen gives of life in that mountain-village.

She had then, and always, the gift of winning love wherever she went, and though the larger number of those who knew her in that long by-gone time, have crossed over to the “Other Shore,” there are white-haired men and women who still remember the English bride, whose smile was like sunshine, whose voice ever held the soft, clear note of responsive sympathy and interest.

And this broad, all-embracing sympathy she truly felt. It was her sincerity that made its charm.

She had “one of those hearts that are wide enough to open to all the human race,” and yet narrow enough to admit only a few into the depth of her rare power of love and devotion,—emotions that, though they were so strong, were ever held in subjection to the command, “Keep yourselves from idols.”

Her wide-reaching sympathy was combined, too, with that exquisite politeness of a former generation, and this was linked with the sweet grace of Christian love, for truly her foundation rule of politeness was kindness.

The story of one of those Catskill-days sparkles with gladness, like a diamond among crystals, and so I choose it for the last word-picture of her wedding-journey.

For it was quickly followed by embarking for France—and the first home of wedded life,—that Paris home she ever called “so dear,”—she was so happy there.

The day of which I tell was a mountain-day: a Foregleam-day.

For,

“In the mountains did she feel her faith.” All things there “breathed immortality.”

Her anecdotal picture reads: “The road by which we ascended afforded much wild scenery, with many a glimpse of the surrounding country.—And the summit reached, words are inadequate to describe the extreme beauty of the extensive scenery.—It does not seem possible that earth can present a scene of greater sublimity.”

Surcly, as her dear hand traced the word *earth*, she had a Foregleam of that beauty “which eye hath not seen.”

Surely, the angel who keeps the door of the soul, opened hers wide then, as imagination reached Up and Beyond earth’s mountain-tops.

And she could see far.—Her imagination had been trained to Upward looks even from childhood. And the culture of the imagination means, “first, to learn to see the beauty and grace which God has poured out on sky, land, and sea: on body and soul, on society and art; and then to be a creator of beauty, carrying the idea of the perfect into all we do.”

The highest idea—the striving to live in the light of Christ’s command, “Be ye perfect, even as my Father in Heaven is perfect.”

Not that we ever really attain that height while here below—nevertheless we can always be striving Upward.

Striving to ascend! that motive is the essence of heavenliness in the soul.

For the effort to live a higher life will help us to be heavenly: will at last “prepare us to rise from the earthward, whence comes all pain and sorrow,

into the heavenliness where pain and sorrow are all unknown."

And now for a minute I return to her description of those mountain-hours:

"The beautiful Hudson River lay like a line of light upon the landscape as it stretches away among the parted hills and valleys; here and there on its silvery surface might be seen some passing sail floating on the distant waters. . . . After gazing on this proud spot of nature we proceeded to the Falls—where seems the spot to stand and behold the wonder-works of the Almighty, and feel our own insignificance; . . . it is a pleasure to linger, gaze, and admire."—

As clouds are wont to follow sunshine, so close following that happy day came sadness to her—the parting with the kind parents and many friends.

And then, on a summer morning the *Nautilus* sped across the quiet waters of the Bay, and the husband and wife "boarded the ship *Charlemagne*" waiting with full-spread sails and anchor ready to heave with the first breath of favoring wind.

By sunset the *Nautilus* was at her mooring, safe

in port again, while the ship, like a white-winged bird, was sailing away seaward.

My dear one writes of that day: "It was not without the deepest regret we quitted so many friends and so interesting a country."

And of the voyage she records:

"Nothing of particular interest occurred till very near its end; then there came a day, when the coast of England was distinctly seen, and hopes of reaching Havre on the morrow were bright.—But by nightfall a heavy gale impeded the ship's progress."—

It was dark—the storm was wild—the waves ran high—suddenly the stanch ship that had braved the wide ocean was stayed in its onward way—a hidden reef was struck—danger was near.—

But her husband was with her; God held "the sea in the hollow of His Hand"; she was not afraid.

In the gray light of dawning, when the storm was hushed, the wind a-calm, she went on deck, and with her husband's arm around her,—as her "red book" tells, she "gazed on a most beautiful scene," and she adds: "We were so near to the coast we could distinctly see sheep feeding in the fields; and

the rocks were white as snow, so tossed with foam
were the breaking waves."

Then came another heavy gale—new danger; but at last a pilot boarded the stranded vessel, and through his skilful guiding the reef was cleared—and the ship safely steered, 'mid rocks and breakers, till at last—Port.—

My darling's wedding-journey was ended.—It's last chapter a Foregleam.—For surely, if the outward voyage had been a metaphor—the return was another.—A Life-type—a rough voyage—but Homeward!—

And I think it was a memory of that emblem storm that in after years, when waves of sorrow well-nigh overwhelmed her, so often led her to ask: "Say to me the voyager's hymn."

Always I knew she meant,

"Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labour'd heavily,
Foam glimmer'd white;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of gods,
—'Peace! It is I!'

"Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!

Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest !
Sorrow can never be,—
Darkness must fly,—
When saith the Light of Light,
—‘Peace ! It is I !’

“Jesu, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me !
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over Life’s sea !
Thou, when the storm of Death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth !
—‘Peace ! It is I !’”

From the light on her dear face, ever I knew my
precious one caught, even when tossed on the bil-
low’s topmost crest, a glimpse of the eternal haven
—anchorage in Heaven.

IX.

As I hesitate in opening heart-closed doors that guard the sacredness of sorrow, so I hesitate in unveiling great joy.

But this life-story would be incomplete without some mention of the joyful years God granted my dear one as a beautiful preface to the sorrowful years that came afterward.

I say beautiful—for truly, I believe joy is the best preparation for sorrow that God gives us—and it seems His chosen way.

For, “if He thought grief the best preparation for grief, why did He not make little children unhappy to begin with?”

Certain it is bright as sunshine is the record I find of “Paris days and the first home in Rue de Clery.”

Reading of that home in her “red book,” and recalling the memories she so often recounted of it, I can but wonder, was her flower-bowered salon within the shadow of the once famous Rue de Clery

salon, where Madame Necker assembled about her the wits of fore-time Paris days.

Chief among the most familiar friends who formed the circle of thought-loving, yet pleasure-enjoying, men and women whose society she so keenly appreciated, was Washington Irving and his nephew, Theodore, and many another name of note in the world of letters at that time.

I would fain unlock the Silence and hearken to the “table-talk” of that early home, the atmosphere of which—for “intellect is the atmosphere of the soul”—stayed with her, as the bark encompasses the heart of a tree, all her life long.

Grave, I know, were the themes sometimes discussed, for though she was young she spoke of death.

And, “the idea of death opens the world of deeper unknown existence.”

And even then, plainly her own record reflects, too, she was one of those whose way was to be ever “looking at earth as from Heaven, instead of looking at Heaven from earth.”

But while this was so, I do not want to give you an erroneous impression of her.—I repeat, she was not one of the passively good.—She was too quick

and impulsive by nature for that, too strong of will, and independent in thought.

She was a thoroughly pronounced character—there was nothing stereotyped about her.

She was always as fresh in expression and thought as the water of a mountain-stream is clear and sparkling—and her soul was so guileless, if evil came near her, it melted and vanished as ice before sunshine.

The fact that she found the elements of poetry everywhere was simply because she brought it with her.

Yet—though her life was a living Upward, and thus Heavenward, understand me, she was not one of those “who, cast on the open sea of life, and subject to crossing winds and waves, without laborious studying of the spiritual chart, or painful shaping of their wills are still found ever on the spiritual side.”—No—she found it hard to bow to God’s will.—Much discipline she needed before with no holding back she could say: “Thy will, not mine, be done.”

It was not without struggle that she won the victory—she needed to remember to the very end of her earthly life, her childhood’s lesson of Christian warfare—and the Christian’s armor.

"My will is like the oak of my native land—the strong English oak—hard to break."

Thus she said when very near Home.

But when she did yield—it was no half surrender—it was full, complete.

More complete from the fact that it was "through deliberate resolve she chose the Higher guidance."

What a wandering all this from the history of the sunny day that fills the diary page open before me. A page that tells of a live-long day spent at the summer-home of friends.

A day when shadows from the fleecy clouds—that never more than half veiled the sunshine—played over the green of lawn and terrace, like smiles play over a baby's face: when flowers like dreams of beauty perfumed the air.—Do you remember Joubert says—"the odor of flowers is their souls!"

And when gay butterflies flitted from rose to lily-bell as joy flitted to and fro among that happy company,—so late they lingered, it was after night-fall before the return to Paris—where their entrance was delayed, she writes, "by the *gens d'armes*, who demurred about our carriage entering within the Barrier, till Mr. Irving's passport

proved a pledge that we might safely be admitted."

And now—that gay company have nearly gone from earth! The young husband of her love and pride;—Washington Irving, the kindly, tender-hearted man;—Theodore Irving, who in later life left Heavenly Foregleams for earthly pilgrims as he penned the pages of the volume called "A Fountain of Living Waters"—and that booklet which has comforted so many a sorrowing mother, telling of "a tiny foot-fall within the Golden Gate."—All gone—and—my darling gone too.—But, thank God, they all live in the light of immortality, and an undying influence—not reputation, but influence, remember.—

In my dear one's writing I find this expressed in words she copied: "Influence is impersonal, unknown reputation: no matter whether or not the men of the future know your name if they are influenced by your life."

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun—
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Up and away, like the odors at sunset,
That sweeten the twilight, as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt, but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done."

I note still another page from her Paris memories—the happiest, holiest of them all—for it tells, "This happy home is made more joyful by the coming of our precious baby."—And again—after many more pages comes "another darling God has sent."—And then she adds: "Happy, happy days glide on; we are surrounded by loving friends. The charming family of General Lafayette, with his own genial cordiality, add much to our enjoyment, and make us happy in numbering them among our best friends: the delightful hours spent in their hospitable home are full of pleasure, as well as the meeting there so many men and women of culture and renown."

I will not linger over those details—I only copy these because they bring out in clear, beautiful relief the rare character of my dear one, who when God called her to exchange this bright life of luxury for the new, strange life of reverse, accepted the change without a murmur.

Accepted it with so bright a spirit that she made

the joy of home to the sons and daughters to whom God ordered she should for many years fill not only a Mother's but a Father's place too.

And she was so young—the change was so great—she was so brave.—

But all this did not come till years were counting on—a decade and a half almost after the Paris days.

She had known a happy home in the land of her husband's birth for long—other little children God had given to make life pure and sacred.—And then came the grief after which life never was the same.

For widowhood—great was the sorrow it meant for her.

It was during those years that she made an open confession of her faith in Christ, and became a member of the church of which Dr. Mason was then pastor.

But my dear one's entrance on the life of a Christian as a church-member was marked by no special change in her feelings.

Her soul had always been in profound earnest in its reach after "Higher things," and this desire had deepened with increasing years.

It was never dimmed even when at different periods she was hedged in by worldly pleasures, associations, and society.

And her spiritual life was, like herself, natural, earnest, individual, broad in its charity—there was nothing narrow about her, and yet withal her faith was simple as a little child's.

Well-nigh every day—even down to old age—she repeated the hymn learned in early youth—and which is an index to the humble simplicity of her trust and desire:

“ Quiet, Lord, my foward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a little child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

“ What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
‘Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?

“ As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,

Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard and Guide."

Do you wonder her dear life left Heavenly Fore-gleams?

How could it help it—when so truly she believed.

For faith was no dream to her: it was a solemn reality.—Hence it emitted light even from "within the Veil," as a star emits light from the sun's reflected rays.

Not that she attained spiritual heights all at once.—No, it was slow progress, as the surest progress is wont to be.—I want to impress this—and the fact that it was each day a living Higher Up.

Her love for Christ was intense and deep—and this was why she carried about with her fervor of spirit, and energy of action for His work.

Hers was a joyful spirit, too, and Peace, that white-winged dove of serenity, ruled in her heart: that faithful, true heart.

And this soul-life was combined with a naturally overflowing tenderness and love.

Among her papers—yellow, time-stained papers now—I find many a sweet revelation of the holy meaning Motherhood had for her.

"A Mother," thus she writes, "whenever she imprints a kiss on an infant's cheek, should send a prayer to Heaven that her child may prove an angel of mercy to a perishing world."

And often I have heard her say: "I never bathed my darlings without a prayer that their souls might be washed and made pure in the blood of the Lamb."

But it is of the growth of those graces that have most to do with Heavenly Foregleams that I want to tell you, dear F—.

Graces that each hold a suggestion of an answer to your questions regarding the Hereafter, and those gone from our earthly homes to Heaven.

And as they ripened in her soul, they were truly "fruits of the Spirit"—and freighted, as all Christian graces are, with two-fold meanings: one that only the eye of faith can discern, the other "he who runs may read."

For in the spiritual life,

"Two worlds are ours, 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky."

X.

“FRUITS of the Spirit,” I repeat, that each one hold a Foregleam.

God grant our lives, like her dear life, may help make these Foregleams shine and kindle on-reaching ray for other lives.

And they will, if the fruits ripen from faith blossoms—for Faith is the Heavenly illuminator.

Ah! have we faith! you and I?—You remember how Paul, after numbering the works of evil, writes—“they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God”—and then he adds—

“But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.”

How plainly each fruit exemplified in holy living is a Foregleam torch. And now let us take one or two of them and place by the side of your question,—‘Is love abiding? Do the departed love us still?’

Love—it meant much to my precious one.—And through her love for the dear ones God gave her,

and their love for her, she caught beautiful glimpses of Heavenly Love. For her starting-place was “God is Love”—thus human love was a reflection of the Divine in man.—And belief in that Divine love its truest revealer—though “what God’s love is, none but His loved ones know; even they hardly know it, for God only knows the love of God.”

Yet, though but partial her knowledge, Christ’s love was her “green Pasture” land.—“His giving Himself for her, the proof of His love; her giving herself to Him, the proof of her love.”—And universal love to those He loved was its earth-side blossom; special love for the inner-circle of nearest and dearest, its Heavenly Foregleam pledge.

She was always “so glad” Christ recognized this special love.

And for the tender comfort His recognition of it gives, she felt the words of special affection for Lazarus were recorded:—“Behold how He loved him.”

“Love’s consecration,” I think she would have called those words.—And bright was her smile in the light of the knowledge they give that we need not fear loving our dear ones too much, as long as the feeling is love—not idolatry!

She was wont to lay great stress on this distinction--and in her dear heart it was love the deepest, devotion the most entire—but always God first.

And now tell me, in the light of this love for our dearest: blessed by God:—given by God:—God who has set His seal to Resurrection, for, “now is Christ Risen,” is there not an answer to your question: Do the departed love us still?

Truly it seems to me, to admit a doubt of their continuing love is almost—with reverence I write it—like an accusation against the Giver of love—for how can we separate from our idea of God that which God is—Love?—“And now abideth Love.”—“And we also believe, knowing that He which raised Up the Lord Jesus will raise us Up also by Jesus.”—

Raise us Up with love in our souls—tenderer, deeper love than now we can conceive, for it will be all Heavenly then.

And this love they now feel for us.—Ah! yes, we know they love us still, though of the how we can not tell; but for the solving of that mystery we are content to wait—we know,

“Thou, O Friend
From heaven, that madest our heart Thine own,

Dost pierce the broken language of its moan—
Thou dost not scorn our needs, but satisfy!
 Each yearning deep and wide,
 Each claim, is justified."

And what claim strong as the claim of love?

XI.

FAR backward dates the first Foregleam that came to my dear one through her own heart's experience of the sureness—even amid the shadows of the valley of death—that love here, is but the herald of love There.

There "where dear families are gathered,"
There "where we find the joy of loving as we never loved before."

"'Tis but one family—the accents came,
Like light from heaven to break her woe.

Death never separates: the golden wires
That ever tremble to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love, we look upon no more.

"No more, indeed, in sorrow and in pain,
But even memory's need ere long will cease,
For we shall join the lost of love again,
In endless lands, and in eternal peace."

The revelation of her firm belief in future reunion I find smiling out from the tears she shed,

when not many years after America became home, sorrow entered her happy dwelling, for from it "Jesus called a little child unto Him," and her baby "was crowned with glory." But—the mother on earth was left weeping—and yet—and here begins the dawning of a Foregleam—her tears were tears of submission.

Years—long years—like wave after wave breaking on some ocean beach, separate now from the time of which her journal tells.

But Mother-hearts have been the same ever since in "Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping for the children that were not."—And without comment I copy her words: for you will catch her sureness of finding her child again, without my pointing out to you the hope-places among them, that shine like dew-drops when sunlight awakes the flowers.

It had been a time of anxious watching: a time of pain for the little child: of agony to the mother powerless to soothe.

But all suffering was over hours before God took the baby—when the moment came for the last faint breath—and the soul—a child's soul, went—her journal tells:—"Not a sigh was heard, there

was no struggle—and my precious child was in the arms of Jesus."

"We laid flowers around the little form, meet emblems for one so pure. . . . I am sitting by the side of my beloved baby—who is now a happy little angel hovering around the throne of our merciful Redeemer. . . . Oh! how I ought to rejoice in being the Mother of an angel."

How we read between the lines that the rejoicing was hard—so hard—and yet, in that very hardness, the first gleam of spiritual joy was ripening with its Heavenly Foregleam, a foundation-stone of comfort to her, in that, and the after sorrows that came with the mystery and the silence.

"I shall go to them." She rested in that *shall go* all her life long—and now—she has gone!

Her record continues: "'The Lord gave, and surely He has a right to take away.' . . . I ought not to grieve. . . .

"Cease thy sorrow, stricken heart,
Think of the home thy child hath won,
And joy that she is There."

Yes, surely the grace of "sorrowing yet rejoicing" began to unfold for her with the coming of

her first inlook through “death to life”—the first loosening of an earthly tie that was “touched with rays from light that is Above.”

And never did her angel child seem far away.

This nearness of the departed was always a very present feeling to her.

Not that she ever strove to go beyond revelation.—She always accepted the mysteries of the unseen world. She ever shrank back, as though hurt, from the efforts made to interpret the Beyond where Scripture is silent.

Those useless efforts, that are so wont to be unworthy in conception, and that so fail to console by their mirage of “fancied sight.”

The sense of nearness she felt was Uplifting, and she thought it comfort given by God—in her memory-book it finds expression in the copied lines:

“Mother—behold thy child an angel now!
Now in her Father’s Home she finds a place—
Or if to earth she takes a transient flight—
’Tis to fulfil the purpose of His Grace,
To guide thy footsteps to the land of light,
A ministering spirit sent to thee,
That where she is, there thou may’st also be.”

—And—are they not all “ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who are heirs of Sal-

vation?"—and—she was an heir—for—she loved Christ.

After baby went there came years free from death's shadow—and then came the 'year of years' to her.

It was spring-time; April sunshine and April showers played among the blossoms—called the early birds northward, woke up the tender flowers too, and hung golden tassels on the willow boughs.

And yet—it was then—in the trustful time of nature's resurrection season, that she felt in her heart the touch of an ice-cold hand; fear entered—like frost upon a flower—anxiety became reality.

And she knew her husband was going where the child had gone—Home to God.

'In such a sorrow did she find a Foregleam?'

Yes; hand in hand with the agony of parting—the grief, desolation, and loneliness—came Peace.

Her Lord remembered His promise—"My peace I give unto you."—And she found Him tenderly, faithfully mindful of His own.

Her trust of the happy days became her support in the dark hours.

It is always thus—only trust Him and you will know.

Again I give her own record: again I leave you to find shining in it the Heavenly Foregleams her belief held.

Sacred is the task of this copying—let the reading be sacred too; for remember, the words are words from a widow's heart:—

“He whom my soul loved as my life, has passed from earth to heaven: he is no longer my guard and guide! Yes—he is a ministering spirit now—he whispers, ‘Look Up’—God is Love.”

And then, so clear her faith vision, almost she seemed to hear, in audible voice, that husband, so well beloved, saying to her—

“I am redeemed from all pain! I am not far away from you! I am near to comfort and strengthen you.—Life is passing away; soon together we will cast our crowns at the feet of Him who hath redeemed us from death.”

Do you tell me, this is all imagination—all like the ‘fancies’ from which I said she shrank—that she heard no voice—for *that* silence never yet was broken?

I can not answer you.—I only know there have

been saintly souls comforted by God by a very real nearness to Him, and their dear ones who are with Him.

I only know, what has been may be again.

I only know “Stephen looked *Up Steadfastly* into Heaven and Saw.” I only know Jacob ‘dreamed,’ and in that dream was lifted Up to apprehend “Higher things than dreams are made of,” and when he awoke he said, “this is the gate of Heaven.”

I only know a holy and happy life is the ‘communion of saints,’ for it tells us of “our fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ”—and that having that, we have fellowship one with another.

I only know the “dead in Christ live.”—“Consider how near we must be to each other when they are said to be imperfect without us.”

Blessed, beautiful is this knowledge that they, our saints, are among the “cloud of witnesses.”

Think, your dearest—my dearest, “leaning down, as it were, to watch us.”

Ah! we think we are left alone and helpless—while “the air is full of angels, and Heaven is full of prayers.”

“ And even thus we meet,
And even thus we commune ! spirits freed,
And spirits fettered.”

For the promise is “ heirs together of the grace of life.”

“ Together—blessed word—we are still together, inasmuch as we are dwelling in Christ.”

Hence, “ so long as the question is, ‘ Who can separate as from the love of God,’ it is too—who can separate as from one another ? ” All this my darling ever realized, just as she did that

“ Death is another life, we bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King’s
Larger than this, and lovelier.”

XII.

BRIEFLY I will note the years of widowhood. Enough to record, that they held many shadows. There came a day when she stood again by a new-made grave.

God called from earth to Heaven a well-beloved son: called him when he was in the early dawning of a brave, hope-glowing manhood,—but she made no murmur.—“All was right, God did it.”

“Yea, though He slay me, yet will I trust Him”—that trust was her shield.

Other great trials she knew too: heavy sorrows: “I have been disciplined in the very points that touched me closest,” thus often she said—adding—so humble was she, “I have been a slow scholar.”

But—“the Lord loveth whom He chasteneth”—and His love upheld her through all.

And this she gratefully acknowledged even down to old age.

For, it was her seventieth birthday when she wrote:

"I would testify to the faithfulness of our Father's promises, for surely I can say goodness and mercy have followed me all my days."—

This was so like her—for she never lingered in the mists of earth's valleys of shadow—she ever went on her way with a cheerful faith climbing Upward—even till she reached "the hills of God."

And as she climbed she never deemed any service of love too slight to be worth the rendering, even though it were naught more than the making a child glad.

Though that is not a slight service, "for to help a child to be happy is to help to make it good, and to make any one good is a service fit for an angel."

Ah! the voices of the children that chorus pleasures and pleasures she planned for them, brightening all by the aid of her joy-inspiring spirit.

But I need not recount them. For, "the best portion of a good life are the little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love," and of these her life was full.

Old age—surely, there can be no old age for those whose souls keep always fresh and young.

And my dear one's soul did keep thus—there was no dimness of mind—no weakening faculties to mark the years.

Not till the last illness did her step lose its quick, elastic spring—her hands their dexterous touch.—And her intellect never was clearer than during those months when she was drawing so near to Heaven.

As I recall all this—truly, it seems a Foregleam of immortality—a foreshadowing, as it were, of perfected faculties.

For with it great serenity of spirit deepened—and love expanded till her very countenance was luminous from the soul's out-shining.

The way by which God led was so tender—so many were the words of truth and grace the Comforter brought to her remembrance.

Scripture truths, too, seemed glowing with new, beautiful meanings to her;—and her dear soul was much wrapt in the enfolding of prayer.

All her by-gone lessons, even the bitterest, seemed to spring up in blessings for those last earthly days—like tender grass-blades that upspring all the greener after the mower's sharp scythe has done its work.

Do you wonder at this?—if you do, remember—her daily life “had anticipated the life to come, and her soul heard melodies from beyond the gates.”

But—oh, the tenderness of it—the blessed “quietness from God” that was like the repose of a mid-summer twilight when the sky is cloudless.

And so her room—the place where she waited for the Master’s welcome, “Come, ye blessed of my Father,”—was bright with a rainbow Foregleam. “And even as the Bow in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of brightness round about.”

A Rainbow of Foregleams.—Over-arching what the world called a “Chamber of death!”

But—there was no death there, it was Life.

She knew the Christ had trod the path of mortal death before her—she knew His promise, “I am with you—Fear not.” She knew “He was as strong as He is tender, as wise as He is loving.” She knew she took no step alone; she was not afraid—the “solitude of departure was filled with Jesus.” A living Saviour—and His assurance, “Because I live, ye shall live also.”

A *living* soul going out into the mystery and the silence.

It is this Life that gives Heavenly Foregleams—Life that lights up the valley of the shadow of death——Life!

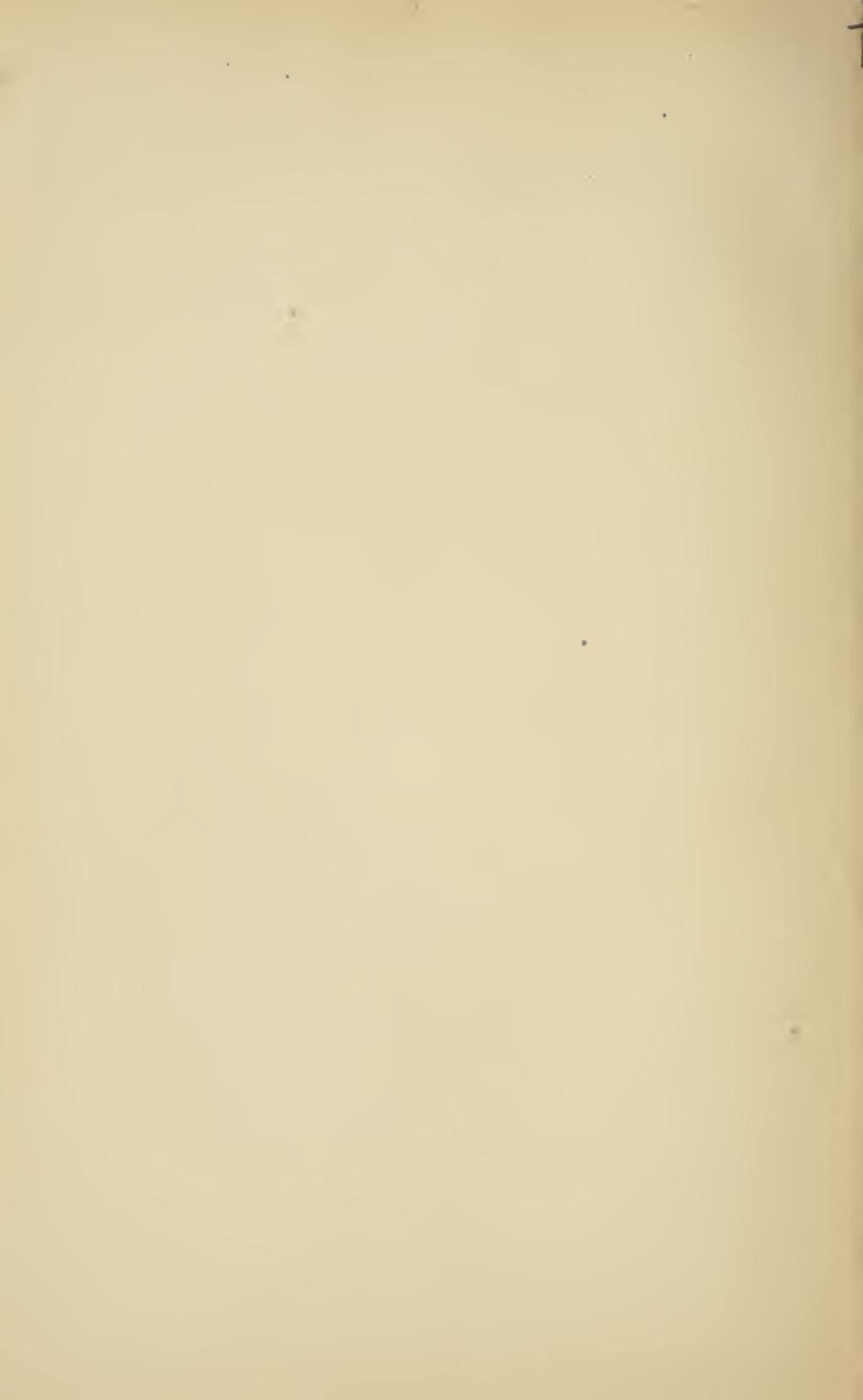
Nevertheless—for us who remain it is separation—loneliness. But shall we murmur, if it is His will, that thus we be “buried with Him”—the Man of Sorrows—in sorrow—“that we may through the grave and gate of death”—earthly discipline—for heavenly fitness—“pass to our joyful resurrection, for His merits, who died and was buried, and rose again for us—Jesus Christ, our Lord.”

This was the last collect to which my darling listened—and then—the gate opened—the Eastward gate, toward Sunrise!—And she had gone from earth’s shadows to heaven’s light—gone to her “joyful resurrection.”

Thanks be to God who giveth Victory—through Christ.

"O merciful Father!

Thy knowledge of us makes Thy pity more deep:
Our knowledge of Thee bids us trust while we weep:
For it is when we weep we are often most still:
They who mourn most keep often more close to Thy will
Thou wert always our Father, each sun that arose
Has done nothing through life but fresh mercies disclose
But we feel when the joy of our life is laid low,
Thou hast ne'er been so tender a Father as now."



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